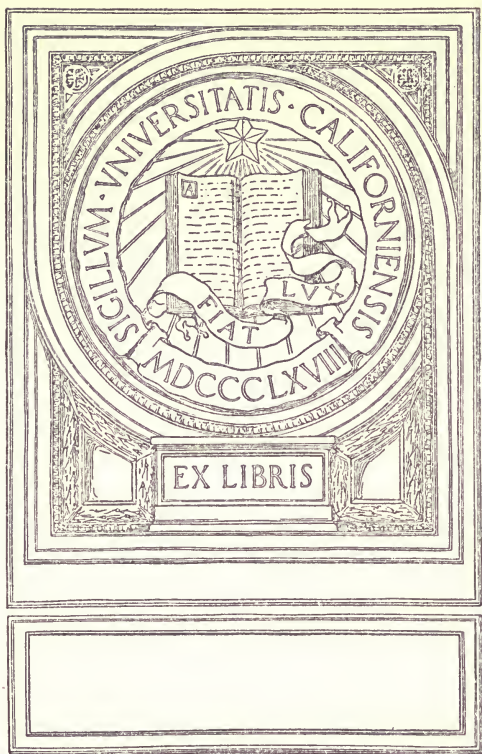


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BROTHER JONATHAN,

THE

SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION.

BY HUGO PLAYFAIR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO VILL  
ABDOLAH

## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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THESE volumes consist of the "Playfair Papers," arranged in such order by the Editor, as will, he trusts, meet with public approbation. Hugo Playfair's expedition to America was to ascertain the truth by impartially viewing men and things in that extraordinary and great republic: in which he has discovered much to praise and a great deal to blame.

The Editor is confident that nothing but the truth was written by Playfair, and he has suppressed nothing except repetitions; and the only other alteration made, was to divide the diary form of the papers into chapters; as all journals contain much that would be tedious, if much that is superfluous in diurnal writing were not thrown off.

For these alterations, and for the “Cursory View of the Progress of America,” which concludes the third volume, the Editor alone stands answerable: although he has no doubt that the “*dander*” of our Brother Jonathan will be up by telling impartially what is reprehensible as well as what is worthy of all praise, in the *domestic institutions and manners of AMERICA*.

We invite him most heartily to do the same, in respect to the *great good, and numerous evils*, which are deeply rooted in the institutions and manners of the *United Kingdom of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and IRELAND*.

BROTHER JONATHAN,  
OR THE  
SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION.

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CHAPTER I.

HUGO'S ARRIVAL IN THE CITY OF BANKERS, BROKERS, DOLLAR-HUNTERS, AND FREE-NIGGERS.

FOR several years before, and for two years after, the passing of the Reform Bill in England, there was almost daily to be seen standing or lounging in front of the United Service Club, a respectable and hardy-looking gentleman in a blue frock-coat buttoned closely up to the chin, with the left sleeve pinned to the side in a manner which showed that it was destitute of the arm that should have filled it.

recommended to me, and I may as well follow the fellow who has, without my leave, taken the liberty to hop off with my traps."

What a contrast to the rural districts and backwoods, of which he had been lately reading in some tour, was presented to Playfair on, and immediately after, arriving at New York! What a *perpetual motion* of ships, steam-boats, carts, trucks, sledges, merchandise, merchants, brokers, sailors, *niggers*, and horses,—of rapidly-devoured meals, and never-ceasing traffic; of arrivals and departures; of fortune-making and of bankruptcies; of politics and banking; of honesty and overreaching; of preaching and play-acting—does this mushroom city of broad streets and long wharfs—of huge warehouses, and dockyards; of gaudy signs and dashing shops; of brick houses, and wooden sheds; of great taverns and small grog stores; of meeting-houses and theatres—exhibit in its never-sleeping movement, calculation, and enterprise!

"You most extravagant of fortune-makers! you most rash of speculators! you have had lately one terrific destructive caution! The most

wealthy portion of your city has been reduced to ashes ! Ye, whose vain boast is that you allow each of your daughters from eight hundred to one thousand dollars a year for dress ! take heed, that next year you have not one hundred dollars to lodge, feed, and clothe yourselves, and your wives, and your sons, and your beauteous, but more extravagantly brought up than the French or the Prussian king's daughters !" exclaimed a prudent man of thrift of the old Dutch school, who had just arrived from Albany.

" I do not comprehend how this prophecy can be fulfilled," remarked Playfair. " Why squire," replied Mr. Reuben van Sneyder, the Albany Solomon, " I calculate that there is a political difference between Andrew Jackson and Nicholas Biddle, that, according to my ciphering, may before this day twelvemonth make smash-bankrupts of the most bill-money-rich among these neck-or-nothing dollar-hunters."

## CHAPTER II.

## THE TABLE D'HÔTE CHARACTERS.

"There was General Boon, backwoodsman of Kentucky,  
 Who slaughtered bears and rode an alligator,  
 Who supped on rattlesnakes; and, still more lucky,  
 Kept tavern, preached, drugged, and acted Prætor,\*  
 There was a Polish lord called Skrzsknwcki,  
 Who here drank *switchel*,—in Cracow he drank *votzki*—  
 Who from Russias *Nick*, czar, and dictator,  
 'Scaped without passport, to our sweet Liberia,†  
 'Stead of being knouted off to cold Siberia.  
 There were doctors, barbers, lawyers, preachers,  
 Scotch, English, Dutch, four Spaniards, and two Russians,  
 Old maids, young virgins, widows, and French teachers;  
 Some Irish duellists, some well-drilled Prussians;  
 A London tailor,—twenty other stitchers;  
 Sharpers, brokers;—Mexico-Andalusians,‡  
 Hebrews, with Solomons of Nassau-new  
 A noted rogue, but a converted Jew."

*Extract from Don Juan Travestied by the Cincinnati poets.*

LIBERTY HALL, in Broadway, New York, is an immense quadrangular brick building, with

\* Prætor—Justice of the peace in Cincinnati.

† The free and United States of America, not Liberia in Africa.—EDITOR.

‡ Old Spaniards, banished as being such, from Mexico, on freedom being declared in that Republic.

some glaring attempts at ornament in its front elevation. As Playfair entered it, no powdered liveried porter,—no head waiter, dressed like a gentleman in black, attended to do the honours of receiving him. There is a porter, perhaps two or three, but they are probably all out delivering messages. It is therefore necessary for whoever arrives to move on until he meets *one*, of a dozen *free* negroes, in nankeen trousers and calico jackets; who, if he be not in a “tarnation hurry,” on some *slick errand*, may perchance stop, to direct the stranger to the *bar*, or rather the *landlady*, who will in a little time *settle* the *number* he is to sleep in, and in which the negro who carries the *newcomer’s* baggage from the stage-office, or from the steam-boat wharf, will deposit it before a *cent* is paid for his services.

The bedroom to which Playfair had been thus adjudged, was like all the others, a small square box, having a fourpost bedstead, which for two-thirds of the year is unencumbered with curtains, one window with starched muslin blinds, a small chest of drawers, washhand-stand, and dressing-table, on which latter stood a little mahogany-

framed looking-glass, and a thin cotton towel as big as half a pocket-handkerchief.

The bed, however, was clean, and nearly twice as large and comfortable as any found in Germany ; while during the coldest night in winter he could, by asking, have as many blankets as would smother him. The bed was moreover sufficiently long for the most sinewy *lath* of a Kentuckian. In this bedroom he could likewise have a small carpet, and if he wished, a fire. So that, although it were not so crowded with useful furniture as the dormitories of the Clarendon, Morley's, and the London taverns of our metropolis ; or of the Waterloo, and Adelphi of Liverpool, it was certainly Playfair's own fault if he were not comfortably put to bed in *Liberty Hall*, in which there are two hundred counterparts of the sleeping-room we have described. We may, we believe, also add, that a very few only have two, and probably none more than four beds.

From his bedroom, Playfair descended to the next place of importance, but which the *Manhattaners* consider the first ; that is to say, the *Bar*. This consequential section of *Liberty Hall*, is the

rendezvous of all those who smoke cigars, drink brandy, bitters, switchel,\* callibogus, lemonade, rum and molasses, punch and shrub. In fact a kind of cotton, flour, West India produce, British merchandise sort of *Exchange*, resorted to by all brokers, commission agents, and clerks, after a dinner gobbled up in ten and a half minutes. Playfair found that this was the *locale* where one might learn whatever concerned dollars, bank question, Andrew Jackson, and *Nick Biddle*,—*Texas*,—*prices of niggers*,—or *Carolina black cattle*!—Liverpool cotton sales,—packet-ships,—joint-stock companies,—railroads,—canals,—cash,—credit,—bankruptcies,—speculations,—and the names of all the Manhattaners, who were men worth at least a *hundred thousand dollars*.

His path was, however, not now progressive, but retrograde, or he should have first led you to the dining-parlour, in which, by the by, all was *work* and no *speaking*,—then *slick* to the *bar*,—and then last of all, and very late, to the *bed-chamber*, as the courtly Yankees term a bedroom.

\* Rum-and-water.

But he, like politicians, coquettes, and married women, had a way of his own, and he therefore proceeded from the bar to the *dining-parlour*.

This was a spacious parallelogram, consisting of two great rooms, separated by a painted puny wooden Saxon arch. The tables extended nearly from one end to the other. At the head sat the landlady, at the foot the landlord,—for there happened, which is not always the case, to be such an appendage to the establishment; when there is not, his place is filled up by the *gentleman boarder*, usually a bachelor commission agent, who has been the longest, and consequently, with the landlady, best known lodger.

At this table there sat down to dinner exclusive of the *head* and *tail*, about one hundred and ten persons of the most heterogeneous casts of origin. Among the number there were about twenty ladies; and next to the landlady was seated, quite as if “at home,” a discreetly-aged maiden lady, Miss Deborah Rennet, formerly a pious quaker-dressed Methodist-chapel-goer at Boston, and now decked out according to the newest style of the fashionable Madame de la

Mercièrè, who received and still receives by each packet from Havre, *les dernières modes de Paris*.

Nearly opposite, there sat a French *Chevalier d'Industrie* who, by assuming the title of Comte Focqualt de la Roche, insinuated himself, when Playfair last spent some months in France on a visit to Sir Sydney Smith, into what was there termed English and American society: and whose title had especial fascination in the eyes of Mrs. Swamp, a beautiful young American lady, married to a grave Bostonian, who, on his union with the blooming Miss Fins, daughter of the late most respectable rich Squire Pharaoh Fins, Whale-fisher, Nantucket, visited Europe, agreeably to a vanity now inflaming most Americans who have accumulated a hundred thousand dollars. The Yankee dollar-hunters, let it be observed, are, when they visit Europe, and make the grand tour like the John Bulls, the most notorious of tuft-hunters.

The lady's husband was, except in money bargains, the most unsuspecting man on earth. The habits of mind which enabled him to become rich, had, by thirty years influence, frozen his

heart, and rendered him the least jealous of husbands. Indeed, he thought it impossible for any woman living not to adore a man possessing the wealth of Mr. Saul Swamp.

His wife was a beauteous, innocent, brainless, giddy creature, about eighteen years of age, and quite unacquainted with the society of capitals. She considered the attentions of the said spurious Count as exceedingly condescending on his part, and highly honourable to herself. But however far he might have gone to poison her mind, strange to say, her vanity, and simplicity of telling her acquaintance all that she saw and heard in Paris, saved her, in a way in which those who took an interest in her reputation may claim ample merit. On calling on several ladies to whom she had been introduced, she talked of nothing but how very attentive the noble Count had been to her during the absence of her husband, who had left Paris for a few weeks on a journey to Lyons, or some other place of speculation.

“He,” the noble Count, “was so kind, because the Americans had been so to his father, who was also a Duke, and had visited America because

he was driven from France by the *revolutioners*. The Count would walk out with her shopping in the *Roo-dilly-pay* ; ride in her carriage when she drove in the *Shaws Helizy* ; would accompany her to the theatre, and would even dine at home with her, and sup with her after the theatre, either in a Cabinet de la Société or at her apartment, in the Place Vendome."

These revelations electrified her acquaintance ; and her physician told her his mind very frankly, and said the Count was a villanous impostor, a swindler, and a rake, who would soon blast her reputation, if he had not done so already. Simple lady, innocently reared, never dreamt of "virtue in danger !" She told all this to the Count, and the Count challenged the physician ; but the lady's virtue was, however, saved, although scandal injured her reputation.

Very soon afterwards the police found it necessary to bring up the said sham Count ; who had, it seems, been living long under the *surveillance* of those vigilant guardians of moral and political order in France. *Monsieur Roche*, for that turned out to be the counterfeit's name, was

found guilty, as stated by the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, of defrauding many simple people, especially women, of their money, from the time that he first came to Paris to try his fortune as an *avocat*, which profession he however never followed. He was accordingly condemned to the galleys; but escaping from prison, he crossed the Atlantic, where he was now figuring, God knows by what means, as the *Baron d'Ombert*.

The rogue was pointed out to Playfair in Paris: but it was evident he, the *sham-noble*, knew nothing of him when they met at Liberty Hall. The other character sat table were all unknown to Playfair, except two; one named *Solomons*, whom he met many years before at the Bahamas; and the other an old man, once a deputy-paymaster in the West Indies, and known by the cognomen of "*Doubloon Jack*." The histories of these two worthies were understood to be so notorious, that Playfair will probably introduce both hereafter.

There were also some Mexicans, driven from that part of America on account of having been *born* in Spain. Several Creoles, and several Europeans of various nations; also a French

Canadian, intrusted with petitions to the British Parliament for the redress of Canadian grievances; a Down Easter, named Barnaby Bagster, who had removed from republican Maine to settle in royal New Brunswick, and much interested in the boundary question. The Americans from every other part of the Union were numerous, and as opposite as their localities in their interests, opinions, and politics.

Dinner was served up with that extraordinary celerity with which all moves forward in this nation of *progressers*; and the demolition of soups, fish, geese, fowls, turkeys, beef, mutton, pork, rumpsteaks, meat pies, sausages, and hams, with puddings, pastry, omelets, fruit, &c., even although each carved for himself, was much more rapid than this description. The scene which the table presented, during the annihilation of roast and boiled, of huge joints and unfeathered birds, great and small, formed a subject rich, animated, and preposterously laughable. Here a tall broker stretched over the table, and pulled towards him a turkey; there a lathy, long-nosed, short-lipped Yankee hoisted over, in front of the lady and

two others next him, a dish from two yards' distance, with a huge round of beef fortified with cabbage and carrots, overturning the mustard and two or three tumblers in the operation. There one hacked over the backbone of a goose ; yonder a Kentuckian who despised the art of carving, tore with his bony claws a capon into atoms. Not a word was spoken ; no other noise was heard but the cracking of jaws, and the clattering of knives and forks, and spoons and dishes. In little more than ten minutes about fifty of the whole were up and off to the *bar* ; thirty or more followed, in a few seconds, to the same rendezvous ; from which again, after each whiffed a cigar, and gulped some cold brandy-and-water, or a glass of punch, they hurried *pellmell* off to their counting-houses, ships, shops, or auction-rooms ; for all those who "*left so slick*" might be considered as commission agents, brokers, shopkeepers, auctioneers, and shipmasters.

Those who remained behind were far more tardy, and were evidently determined to enjoy at leisure both dinner, wine, and fruits. Even the ladies, nowise loath, sat the desert out before

they retired to the withdrawing-room. Among the fair there were, besides the landlady and Miss Rennet, several others: one an English governess, who had been engaged by a rich Baltimore citizen to fulfil the “delightful task of teaching the young ideas of his daughters how to *shout*,” but who had lost her place in consequence of Miss Martineau’s tale about Demerara being found in her possession. She was an amiable and pretty young woman, who had been herself brought up with the idea of riding in her carriage: as she had done until her nineteenth year, when the ostentatious display of imitating the nobility in their household establishment, table, servants, and equipages, which her father, who was a merchant in London, had been guilty of, ended in his bankruptcy and ruin.

There sat near her a young Canadian merchant, who came to Liberty Hall the day before, and who seemed to be all at once smitten with her pensive charms. On the opposite side, next the landlady, sat a planter from Virginia with his wife and two tall pale daughters. Between Playfair and the latter, sat General Boon of

Kentucky, son, we presume, of Lord Byron's hero. He was at least six feet six inches in height—large-boned, sinewy, and tough-looking, with hickory-coloured skin—a keen eye, hooked nose, short lips, and long under-jaw. He spoke of rifles, racoons, rattlesnakes, alligators, duels, and bush-fighting—all which was savage enough, yet far more interesting than that general eternal subject of talking, *dollars and quotations*, so offensive to well-bred people ; and which will long continue to distinguish the vulgar of America, as the word *money* does the rich vulgar English, wherever found, and whenever they attempt to speak. In fact, the rich ill-bred, both in England and America, are the only people in the world who continually *blab* out what they wish above all things to conceal, the meanness of their own birth, by continually insulting those who happen not to have so much of the material dross as they possess. Who has ever passed a winter in Paris without observing the daily folly and ostentation of Anglo - American and English vulgarity ?

The society, however, at Liberty Hall was

not exactly American, for we should not count the hundred brokers and auctioneers who gobbled up a meal in less than fifteen minutes, as bipeds having any connexion whatever with society; at least not until cotton-bags, bales of merchandise, shops, ships, and whale-oil, be introduced into drawing-rooms.

Mr. Solomons, although, God knows, he also knew in his day how to accumulate dollars, was a man of the world, full of anecdote, brilliant in conversation, and an epicurean. He said, "People complain of this being a miserable world—I never wish to see a better. I wish to remain in this planet, just as long as I have health and wealth to enjoy *my will* of the good things it contains. When that is over, I have no anxiety about another existence." He was an infidel, but he admitted no more.

*Doubloon Jack* was probably of the same way of thinking. He loved his dinner and his bottle, and related his stories with nearly as much laugh-provoking effect as a friend of Playfair's, by name Macpherson, then in some part of the

western hemisphere, but expected ere long at Liberty Hall.

The *diplomatic agent*, from Canada, was a gentleman of the old French school, vivacious in speech, and extremely courteous in manner—very catholic—and of a spirit and temper disposed to be kind to all ; although, from principle, opposed to all whom he considered the political oppressors of Canada. Hence, those who knew him not represented him as a violent demagogue. His carriage was totally different from that of the present generation of Frenchmen. His manners and language were those of the day of Madame de Sévigné. In Paris we have seen something like his deportment in the neighbourhood of the *Marais*, and in the promenades of the Luxembourg. He complained bitterly of the maladministration of Lower Canada ; but neither accused the authorities of Downing-street, nor the governor-general of designing oppressive measures towards his country. He believed they were misinformed and acted under erroneous views. To the executive and legis-

lative council—a kind of hospital for incurables—he attached all the blame, though not all the awful responsibility of misruling Canada. He was probably right.

There were also at Liberty Hall, two French opera-dancers, very well-behaved, very agreeable in their manners, and very much admired by two young sleek-skinned quakers from Philadelphia. Two celebrated English actors, and an actress. Three or four dressmakers, who smiled knowingly at as many bill-brokers; two widows, said to be pretty weighty in the dollar way—and who were what are termed *regular boarders*; besides these, there were many who came to call on various lodgers.

In short, there were travelling speculators and adventurers, of so many shades of confession, character, and manners, that he who would fill up a picture of pure American society from the assemblage at Liberty Hall, would resemble the original about as truly as it would that of Pekin. Yet Liberty Hall was, of all places in the great republic, where a representative of almost every character, good and bad, within it could be most

commonly met with. To these might generally be added a plentiful catalogue of rogues and honest men from Europe, the British Colonies, and South America.

The assemblages were changeable as the transitions of a kaleidoscope. To-day twenty to fifty new faces and characters appeared, and as many of those who had been present the day before had vanished. Some were some hundreds of miles on their way south or west or north, by railroads or steamboats. Others had left by the sailing packets, and were, while newly-arrived guests occupied their places in Liberty Hall, careering over the surges of the Atlantic.

### CHAPTER III.

#### LIBERTY HALL DRAWING-ROOM.

“Are domestic comforts fled?  
Are all the nameless sweets of Friendship dead?”

COWPER.

AFTER dinner *most* of those who were *not* “the regular boarders,” engaged in the incessant activity of “dollar-making,” usually spent a portion of the evening in Liberty Hall drawing-room, where tea and cakes and sweetmeats were served round, and where some fair widows, beautiful wives, and wrinkled maidens lisped, lolled, and yawned away through generally, but not always, very stupid evenings.

It frequently happens at New York, and other commercial seaports, that young married merchants, brokers, and clerks, are, with their wives, “regular boarders;” and as the husbands fly

“slick off” to their business affairs the moment they rise in the morning, and immediately after gobbling up their meals; and as private sitting-rooms are rarely found in an American hotel or boarding-house, the pretty wives of these young *dollar-makers* have the alternative only of solitude and reading novels, or theology, in their pigmy *bedchambers*, or lolling in silent insipidity half-asleep, on one of the public drawing-room sofas.

This forms one of the greatest social evils to be met with in the commercial cities of the United States. It is well for the reputation of the many beautiful women who are “regular boarders” that they themselves are, by imitative or mother’s fireside education, with few exceptions, purely virtuous; and also, that no one except the preachers has sufficient leisure for tampering with their innocence.

Now and then a counterfeit French Count arrives and does monstrous mischief; but generally all over the United States the *preachers* are the real evil-doers; these Jonathan Lusts, looking as meek as Moses, yet as libidinous as

Solomon, are in truth, even by the declaration of the public journalists, acknowledged to be innumerable among the more sanctified expounders of divinity.\*

On entering the drawing-room, Playfair beheld reposing on sofas four or five young wives or widows, who had very little to say, and who, with the exception of the thousand charms which the Frenchman Roche, *alias* Count D'Ombert, told them they possessed, and no small share of flattery from Solomons, they remained nearly as little noticed as lazzaroni on the Piazza of Naples.

Their husbands can, or will, never afford time to come away from "*dollars, shares, auctions, ships, cotton, railroad, and land speculations,*" until late in the evening, and then only, on joining their wives, to be off immediately to sleep; consequently the latter, who rarely ever take outdoor exercise, lead a most sedentary vegetating life, which soon unfits them for all the active and

\* See "American Quarterly Review," Sept. 1832, page 122. This severe remark applies only to young sectarians, and raving youthful itinerants; for among the well-educated and highly-gifted clergy in the United States, are found the most excellent characters.—EDITOR.

useful duties of society. In fact, the boarding-house system for married people is, to say the least, degrading ; it is, however, very convenient, which is sufficient for dollar-hunting husbands. Miss Rennet and the two young widows among the "*regular boarders*," mentioned in the last chapter, cocked their caps most sprucely at the chivalric sound of a noble personage, *alias* Count D'Ombert, veritably *Chevalier d'Industrie*.

It has been the especial misfortune of America to have suffered from the introduction of exotic vices, and by an influx of foreigners, driven from their native land by the criminality or worthlessness of their character. Playfair soon perceived this, and we find him taking faithful notes of the *outlandish* as well as the *native* characteristics of life in America. These sketches are, in truth, among the most interesting of his peregrinations in the land of Brother Jonathan.

This was never more evident than on the present occasion ; for, among the transient boarders, those born and bred in America were made up generally of original stuff, however insipid, or rude, or eccentric the materials. Among the

number there, were General Boon, of Kentucky, a rare fellow in his way ; the editor of a resuscitated and able review, published in the capital of a neighbouring state, a man of great excellence of character, of much ability, as well as sharp critical acumen ; a homely, common-sense-looking man, connected with the manufacturing association at Lowell ; two or three gentlemen from Virginia and South Carolina, more polished in their manners, and less rigorous in their morals,\* than the Yankees, were often among the drawing-room frequenters.

Solomons and Doubloon Jack also made their appearance, as well as some specimens of those unprincipled hunters after gain, United States citizens too, who consider “ *taking in*” or “ *taking advantage*” over another in bargaining, *not cheating* ; who would not hesitate *becoming parties to fitting out vessels as privateers, as wreckers, as slavers*, no, nor yet, as may be proved, *as pirates*.

\* The writer no doubt means less rigorous in regard to puritanical cant, melancholy sabbaths, &c.—EDITOR.

## CHAPTER IV.

## TALK AND CONVERSATION.

“What can a Creole lady do ?

Do ! why, lie on a sofa, play with a poodle—

Eat curry and rice, and *talk conversation !*”

TALK *conversation !*—On the evening of Playfair’s first appearance in Liberty Hall drawing-room, there was *talk* and now and then *conversation*. The talk was confined to the wives of the dollar-hunters, to the widows, and to Miss Rennet. The pale daughters of the Virginian planter, occasionally lisped in a remark, when any thing happened to be said about “*cruelty*” to *niggers*.

The conversation was at times spirited, varied, and, although often uncouthly worded, and in the principle, as well as in the spirit of expression both unjust and unfeeling, yet to a man like Playfair, resolved to know the truth, however

unpleasing, was interesting. A circle was often formed consisting chiefly of the worthies mentioned in the last chapters, who were rich in amusing anecdotes and narratives; of Kentucky Boon, whose stories of Indians, bears, alligators, rattlesnakes, rifle-duels, gougers, gander-pluckers, and adventures on the Mississippi would have startled Baron Munchausen himself,—of the Virginian planter, who in his manners was really a gentleman, and certainly more intelligent than most English squires,—of the already-mentioned Canadian deputy on his way to England, the urbanity of whose manners pleased all,—of another Canadian who called himself *un fils de la liberté*, who was far more voluble than rational,—of the young Montreal merchant, and the pretty, accomplished, unemployed governess, with whom, it was plain, he was smitten, and as evident that he was far from being disagreeable to her,—of the able editor of the “Southern Quarterly Review,”—of the Lowell manufacturer,—of some gentlemen from the Carolinas,—of one or two of French race from Louisiana,—of a haughty Floridian,—and the aforementioned French operadancers. Others occasionally dropped, or rather

slided into the circle ; but their “*squeaking and jubber*” could not certainly be called *conversation*.

It alluded generally to some speculation, prices of land, rum, shares, molasses, and cotton,—packet-ships, dollars, fortunes, and bankruptcies,—capital jobs in buying *building-lots*, where the late great fire committed such extensive ravages,—*terrible smart progressing* in Michigan and Texian *land specs*, in railroads, and steaming, &c.,—and damning denunciations against *old Hickory’s*\* interfering with the United States’ Bank, and transferring the deposits.

Some of these calculators anticipated a commercial crisis, but all appeared determined to trade to the utmost extent of speculative hazard.

To Playfair they seemed quite as much infected with the spirit of gambling as the frequenters of the hells at St. James’s and the Rue Richelieu. The difference was, that the latter played at *roulette* or *rouge et noir* with sovereigns or napoleons, and the former with commissions, cottons, molasses, Yorkshire cloths, Manchester calicoes, Michigan lands, rum, railroads, packet-shares, bills, and paper dollars.

\* General Jackson.

“What quotations for sea islands and uplands ?” asked a ’tarnal speculator.

“I guess sea islands will fetch thirty cents the pound, and uplands twenty,” replied a thin-lipped lathy man of commissions.

“Niagara seize me, if that be’ent the first time I never heard in my ’tarnal life of land selling by weight. I’ll sell you a million of tons of Michigans at half that price,” exclaimed a bush-tramper fresh from the “Far West.”

“What n’an *hignoramus* not for to know that sea islands and uplands are not cotton !” ejaculated a grave man of bills at long sight.

“Ha’n’t you seen them ’er smart whipping *harticles* in Biddle’s paper ’gain old Hickory, I guess Nick’s written it,” observed another dollar-maker.

“I calculates thir’s only one way of *gitting* the bank deposits back,—lynch the old hero !” remarked a third of the speculative breed.

“Terrification seize him !—Transport him to St. Louis, and we’d roast him on a slow fire, as we crucified the yellow *feller* last year,” summed up, as the final judgment on General Jackson, a

monster of the species called "half-horse, half-alligator," from the Missouri.\*

This terrible verdict pronounced by one who formed, no doubt, one of "the most respectable citizens," who witnessed the diabolical scene alluded to, at St. Louis, was, to Playfair's satisfaction, heard with disgust by most of the company who assembled for the evening in Liberty Hall drawing-room, and put an end for the moment to the specimens given of the commonplace attempts at "wit and wisdom" by the resident boarding-house class of dollar-men.

A somewhat argumentative conversation followed.

"What a curse is slavery, which darkens even the night of barbarism in this otherwise blessed republic!" said the simple man of Lowell, in adverting to the savage deed which will impart disgrace from generation to generation on the white demons of St. Louis.

"Sir, have you not slaves in Massachusetts?"

\* "Half-horse, half-alligator," with a "streak of the snap-turtle," is the usual appellation of those amphibious men who spend their lives on the banks, and as boatmen on the waters of the Mississippi.

asked Colonel Richard Wentworth, one of the buckskin gentlemen from Virginia.

“Not one, squire,” replied the cotton lord of Lowell.

“Not one!” exclaimed Colonel Wentworth: “I should not object to chop logic to prove that.”

“I conclude, squire, that all the logic of Yale College, and all the atheism of Girard’s,\* will not be able to prove there’s a nigger owned in all Massachusetts,” asserted the man of Lowell.

“Sir, are not the women whom you *subject*, to the rigorism of hard labour for twelve hours every working-day, to silence during those hours,—and to the gloomy tyranny of your religious laws on a Sunday, slaves? Have they a will of their own? Have they any relaxation of mind? In what consists their liberty?” asked Colonel Wentworth.

“I calculates, squire, no one compels them to hard labour. The wickedness of the English factories† has warned us to do what we know to

\* By Girard’s will religious instruction of any kind is prohibited in the school of learning, for the founding and establishing of which he has so richly provided.

† The immorality of the English and Scotch factories has

be the one thing needful. It is to escape the eternal wrath that we allow none of Satan's vanities at Lowell. Dancing we know is an abomination in the sight of the Lord : and it was for this cause that we fined and flogged and carded Jeremiah Catterwaller, the only fiddler that ever came among us. And it is for the divine fear, and to keep the Sabbath holy, that we do not allow our smart lasses and spry youths to walk out on that blessed day, but keep them within their chambers, at prayers, and reading the revealed truths ; and, finally, to make them lead godly and temperate lives, we give them tea to drink, and savoury sermons to feed upon. As to liberty, have they not liberty to sing hymns, to eat the meat, and drink the drink that we know to be best for them ? And have they not the liberty to work if they want to eat and to drink, and to be clothed ; and, moreover, the liberty not to work if they want to go hungered and clothed in rags,

long been one of those crying themes of popular error which inquiry has proved a fallacy. The domestic morality of the manufacturing towns having, in fact, been well ascertained to be of a higher character than that of our agricultural districts.—See evidence before the House of Commons.—EDITOR.

like the sluggard of old ? Now, squire, I guess my logic has smitten your *notion*, as sure as David slew Goliath of old with the *little rock* that

‘ Flew from the sling  
Of Israel’s king.’ ”

“ Liberty, indeed ! ” exclaimed Colonel Wentworth : “ liberty to work all the week, or to starve naked ; compulsive silence during the week ; compulsive temperance and devotion all the Sunday, or, expulsion from society. You fined and flogged and *carded* the musician, who dared to attempt gaining a living among you. We Virginians may, but seldom do, flog our slaves. We clothe them well, feed them well, lodge them well, and when *we think fit* FLOG THEM WELL. If they are sick we doctor them well, and we give them the opportunities of amusing themselves well, either in dancing, or fiddling, or singing, or meeting every night in the week, and on the whole of Sunday.”

“ You do all that for their beastly bodies, as if they were the brutes of the dreary wilderness ; but for their poor souls you take no concern. ‘ Woe to thee, Jerusalem ! ’ cried the prophet at

the gates before its famine and its fall. Woe to thee, Virginia! Woe to thee, Carolina! Woe to thee, Columbia! Woe unto thee, Georgia! Woe unto thee, Florida! Woe to thee, all ye dark heathenish slave states that are beyond the Alleghanies! The day of your downfall will come like a thief in the night, and you will not be found watching!" concluded the man of Lowell, on rising and leaving the room.

"I guess if that there *Down Easter* himigrates 'mongst them *Far Westers*, the'll lynch him," remarked Boon of Kentucky.

"How long do you intend your country to be disgraced by that savage judge?" observed the critical Editor of the Quarterly.

"I calculate," replied Boon, "so long as Kentucky is Kentucky, and so long as Ohio falls into Mississippi, and Mississippi runs to New Orlines. *Tarnation* seize me if there wid never be no fun in living without *natural* law, and *bewtifying* the population wid gouging and ganderplucking;\* nor widout our terrible funny sports of rifle-duels and halligator-riding."

\* These barbarous cruelties are certainly still very common

“Riding an alligator, and settling an affair of honour with rifles!” exclaimed Playfair.

“Slick and sartin! Tarnation! I always crosses the Mississippi riding ’pon mine *halligator*—I now breeds ’em—but ven I goes hunting, I fish for a wild un, and tames him in a flash of time. I guess I’d cross that ’er great *herrin*-lake to England, on one of mine halligators. By pumpkins! when we go to war again I shall find terrible smart *diskivveries* for sartin, squire.”

“Steam,” said Playfair, “will likely change the system of warfare.”

“I calculate so,” replied Boon, “but I guess I’ll find a terrible smart diskivery against steam. Mine alligators *versus* steam-boats—mighty spry war that, I guess, squire.”

“You say, that in your country you fight duels with rifles. These must always be dead-shot, I suppose?” observed Playfair.

among boatmen, lumberers, and raftsmen. It was said formerly every second man in Kentucky had an eye gouged out, and every third a nose or ear gander-plucked—that is, bitten off.—EDITOR.

“I guess not, squire,” replied Boon.

“How not?” asked Playfair.

“Why, squire, you old-country folks are all quite *hignoramuses* about rifle-shooting and duels. Wen I feels hungry for a duel, I rides down upon one of my smartest alligators, to the river-bank, and watches until I sees a raft comin along; and I roars out, ‘Captain, your mother, and wife, and sisters, are never no better than they should be;’ and he thunders back, ‘You be ’tarnally tarnashuned.’ Now as I never hallows any man to ’tarnally *tarnashun* me, I roars out, till all creation shakes like an earthquake,— ‘Mississippi, swaller mine ’tarnal soul, if I don’t send a pea from my rifle through your *day-peepers*—so make slick ready!’

“Then if he’es any more leever as a goose, he *hankers* his raft, gets his rifle, and then gets behind a log. I whispers to mine *halligator* to turn over a bit, wid his back between me and the raft, and I gets behind; then we crack spry as lightning, and I calculates, if he diskivers, eeder on one side of log or toder, the thickness of my nail of his flesh or hair, I shaves it slick off.

Wen I fights a rifle-duel widout mine *halligator*, I squats behind a tree, which is much about as sartin' a fortification as an halligator's back, I guess."

"That is indeed desperate fighting," observed the critic, "and I think if you had gone to old Hickory, before the meeting of last congress, that instead of pronouncing that terrifying message, which was after all only a bit of Yankee diplomacy, he would have sent you and your halligators at once to blockade all the ports of France."

"Wid mine halligators, I guess I would gouge and ganderpluck all the universal population in that there state of France," replied Boon.

"Have you had much experience in those refinements?" asked Playfair.

"I never gouged, 'cept fellows that sneaked arter the same *gals* as I courted, and then I *outed* both their day-peepers. I've gander-plucked more den a hundred for no oder reason but to bewtifye 'em, and swaller their noses. The last fellow I gouged and ganderplucked was so tall that ven it rained his hat was wetted

through *slick* twenty minutes before other folks felt a drop splash."

"Did you ever *bewtyfy* women in this manner?" asked the critic.

"I guess not, nor ever will, 'cept ONE; and if she ever crosses mine, or mine halligator's track, I'd be 'tarnally *tarnashuned* if I doesn't as slick as lightning gouge out both her bow-peepers, and ganderpluck and eat all her face, and her tongue too," replied Boon, with more than usual exultation.

"Who, I pray," asked Playfair, "is the lady that is to undergo this extra *beautification*?"

"Wo-o-! Trollope! Trollope! Trollope! for *defemmeyfying* the whole universal city of Cincinnati," roared Boon, looking at the same time as if he would devour Playfair, who was then walking out of the drawing-room.

Playfair had scarcely left the room than Boon, biting his lips, knitting his brows, clenching his fist, and looking at the door with fiendish eyes, roared out, "By the 'tarnal, there *snakes off* that 'er tarnashun Britisher, at de minute I vowed to ganderpluck, gouge, and bewtyfy de

old *Mother of Babylon, Trollope.* By the 'tarnal, my dander's up! I feels all over hungry for a duel; and Mississippi swallow mine 'tarnal sowl if I doesn't axtinguish that 'er *sea-girt-isle-of-slavery-snaker.*"

On which Boon hopped, skipped, and jumped out of Liberty Hall drawing-room in pursuit of Playfair.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE DUEL.

“ Oh, blood and thunder ! and oh blood and wounds !  
These are but vulgar oaths, as you may deem,  
*Oh, pious Yankee*, and most shocking sounds :  
And so they are.”

BYRON.

PLAYFAIR had scarcely passed the bar when he was overtaken by Boon, the latter springing before the former, and turning round facing him in the passage, and roaring out, in a voice resembling that of a monster from the wilds, and not that from a human being in civilized life.

“ Vy you ’tarnal Britisher, your mother was no better nor than she shude be. I tells ye my dander’s up, and I’ve a duel crawling all over me ; vich is to say I’ll fight you wid rifles, or wid pitchforks, and I swears by the ’tarnal I’ll *artin-*

*guish* you, or any oder *isle-of-slavery-man* into tarnashun hattoms. I says to-morrow, afore de sun's awake, seconds or no seconds, as ye likes, in de fields toder side of Brooklyn, or in a bed-chamber. I says, ye son of a mother that was no better nor she shude be, I have gived my challenge for a terrible spry duel."

"General Boon," commenced Playfair with no little astonishment, but with perfect self-possession,—“General Boon, I believe my mother was a virtuous woman ; and if she were not, I do not see that the circumstance requires you to fight me."

"I say," interrupted Boon, "no goose-liver satisfaction speechification, squire Britisher. I never mines, I tell ye, what yeer mother was : it's only my way of fishing for a duel. So, as ye doesn't takes, here goes my toder way ;" following up which menace, Boon rushes, flinging his right hand towards Playfair's head in order to seize his hair, the preliminary to that horrible brutality, *gouging*.

Playfair, who understood the art of defence well, rose his blackthorn walkingstick, and kept

off Boon by bringing the heavy thorn down close over the Kentuckian's right ear, with such precision and force, as to sever it from his head, while Boon himself fell prostrate in the passage.

Playfair returned to the withdrawing-room, related what had occurred, which surprised none of the few who still remained, and who expected nought else: such being the frivolous grounds for deciding affairs of *honour* in the Land of Liberty.

There was, at the time, standing in the public room, with his back to the fire, a veteran with a weatherbeaten face in the uniform of the United States navy. He had that moment come in from the Bowery Theatre, and in a minute or two sat down by the fire, requested the waiter to bring him a bootjack and slippers, and a glass of brandy-and-water; which being done, he disengaged himself of his boots, thrust his feet into the slippers, drank off the brandy-and-water, and without uttering another word walked out of the room.

The veteran's face seemed perfectly known to Playfair; but he could not recollect when or where he saw it. He looked a much older man,

but the lineaments were strictly the same, as he had formerly known them. On the waiter returning, Playfair asked him, who the old officer was who had just left.

“Captain Armstrong of the United States navy, sir,” replied the waiter. “He lives at the dockyard Brooklyn, but when he dines in the city, or goes to the theatre, he always sleeps here. He’s a mighty silent old sort of a high respectable gentleman, sir,—most as silent as an old Englander.”

The name soon brought the whole scene in which Playfair first encountered Captain Armstrong into full recollection, and he determined to confide to him what had occurred, and to ask his advice as to how he should act towards Boon.

Playfair accordingly requested the waiter to go and present his compliments to Captain Armstrong, and say that Mr. Playfair of the British navy would be happy to speak with him on a matter of importance.

Captain Armstrong sent back his compliments, saying he would be happy to see Mr. Playfair.

“Captain Armstrong,” said Playfair, on enter-

ing his room, "I beg leave to introduce to you the face of an old and obliged acquaintance."

Armstrong looked searchingly at Playfair and replied,

"Sir, I cannot bring to my recollection the honour of having seen or known you, far less having done you service."

"Captain Armstrong," said Playfair. "It is a long time since, but time will never with me erase obligations—you do not forget boarding a coaster in 1813 off the shores of Cape Breton, and meeting with Lieutenant Playfair?"

"Certainly not, and have I again the pleasure to meet, I presume now Captain Playfair?"

They cordially shook hands, and entered upon a subject which demanded immediate decision on the side of Playfair.

"'Tis a brutal affair altogether," observed Armstrong, "but you must fight him and kill him too; that is if he does not kill you. There must be no compromise, or the Americans, who may be considered almost as much a nation of duellists as of dollar-hunters, will never give up boasting of their bravery and courage being su-

perior to that of the English. I shall be your second, and go immediately to Boon, fix the place of meeting and the arms with which you shall fight. He will, like all those "half-horse half-alligator" uncivilized monsters, insist upon rifles or pitchforks, but as he has challenged, I shall take care that swords or pistols will be the weapons."

Without waiting the sanction of Playfair, Captain Armstrong left him in quest of Boon, whom he found infuriated at the bar, a handkerchief bound over his wound, the blood still trickling down his neck, with his ear, which was picked up from the floor, swimming in a glass of rum, and he roaring out for the morning, that he might devour Playfair.

On receiving the message from Armstrong, that Playfair, attended by the former as his second, would meet Boon where he pleased out of town, a certain field behind a wood was fixed upon as the spot of meeting next morning at sunrise. Armstrong and Boon parted, the last in quest of his second, "the slickest rifleman" he said, "in all creation."

If trial by battle is a deadly affair among the alligator-breed of the "Far West," the Yankee race "Down East," have given full evidence of their *combativeness* and bloody skill. The person chosen by Boon was not, like Colonel Purity, a non-committal, but a *whole-hog-committal-man*, just arrived from the State of Maine.

In words, he had lately made a most "*cattle-salting speech*,"\* denouncing England for injustice and tyrannical atrocities; among not the least of which was her "robbing Maine of half her best soil, a soil so productive that if you planted there at night a *shoe nail*, it grew up before sunrise a *keelson bolt*,—of half her magnificent forests,—of half her glorious rivers,—of half her mountains, and half her [rocks,—of half her mill privileges, of half her lakes, and of half her swamps." His election to represent all "Down East" in Congress, was the universal suffrage *corollary* to such a speech.

He launched afterwards into personalities, at-

\* "*Salting the cattle*" may be interpreted in English, *humbugging the swinish multitude*.—EDITOR.

tacking chiefly a gallant colonel, then far away *tramping* with his rifle in the savage wilds. In America where “all creation progresses” according to a “Far Wester’s” superlative, “like a streak of lightning,” the newspapers in a few days carried the “Down Easter’s” speech from the floor of the capitol to the log-hut of the bold backwoodsman, who, as quick as steam on water and steam on railroads could carry him, appeared to demand satisfaction at Washington.

The colonel says to the senator, “Ax my pardon, and swear I bees a gentleman.”

“I guess not,” replied the senator.

“Well, tarnation seize me,” thundered the colonel, “if you shan’t fight me, and choose thine own artillery and distance; you *Down Easters* have but cod-liver, and goose-heart in you, I reckon.”

“Rifles and one hundred yards, I calculates,” twanged the Down Easter, “and as sure as *Kennebeck falls*, I’ll scatter all the froth in your pumpkin head over *Quoddy* for mackerel-bait.”\*

\* The Americans scatter salt over the sea, where there are *shoals*, as they term it, of mackerel; this brings the fish to the

Early next morning with rifles and seconds, they appeared on the duelling-ground. They took their stand at fifty yards from each other, and at the usual signal, fired.

The first round did no other damage than one ball ripping open a part of the *Down Easter's* pea-jacket, and the other shaving a slice off the *Far Wester's* left mocassin.

The second round was better aimed. The colonel lost a furrow of the skin carrying the whisker also off one cheek, and the ear behind it, which irritated the gallant officer not a little. The senator's hat was perforated through and through: on taking it off, his head was merely grazed, a little stripe of skin only being peeled away.

The third round was fatal to the colonel—he was shot through the chest and fell dead on the spot. He was buried with *militia* honours, and had a funeral sermon preached for him, in which his heroic death and countless virtues were superlatively extolled.

surface, when they invariably take the usual bait. *Quoddy* is the “Down East abbreviation of Passa-ma-Quoddy-Bay.”—  
EDITOR.

The Down Easter's duelling reputation was thus established, and being now in his legislative capacity on his way to the capital, it was reckoned that his rifle should at least decimate the whole senate and House of Representatives before the end of the session.

Such was Squire Syrian Snig, the second who, with Boon, met, on the appointed ground, Playfair, Armstrong, and a surgeon. Duels not being necessarily secrets before they take place, several of the idle curious of New York had made their appearance to *see the sight*.

Boon and his second, attended by some others, carried four rifles, two pitchforks, and two long-handled hatchets, for arms. The place fixed for the meeting was a green grassy vale, skirted by a wood, and at some distance from any of the frequented roads. Snig insisted that if Playfair refused to fight with rifles, Boon had a right to the choice of one or the other of the Kentuckian or backsettlement weapons, *i. e.* pitchforks or hatchets, which they had provided for the purpose.

Armstrong stood firm to his friend: "Gentle-

men," said he "neither of those weapons are used by civilized nations: the circumstances which have led to this meeting are of themselves sufficiently atrocious; and although Mr. Playfair has, to prevent any possible imputation being circulated, reflecting on his character or bravery, consented to meet General Boon, he cannot involve his own honour or his country's honour with customs, which could only be tolerated during the ages of barbarism. General Boon has been the challenger and according to the laws of honour, my friend has the choice of weapons; but we waive that right so far, as to give our adversary the choice of pistols, smallswords or broadswords, otherwise we leave the field, and on our return to the city we shall have General Boon posted in all the newspapers, as a ruffian, scoundrel, and coward."

Boon and Snig seemed fit to cut into pieces those opposed to them, as Armstrong with stern coolness pronounced these words. Snig then came forward and said, "I guess I can never only consent by pistols being first tried, ten yards, and two rounds, and no confoundment. Then, if

nother one nor t'other, nor both, be *ax-tinguished*, s'pose they toss up for spear-swords, or broad smash-swords; or spear-swords first and smash-swords arter, until the business is done through slick."

Snig and Boon seemed determined on bloody business, and the latter roared out, "Pistols first, spear-swords second, and, by the 'tarnal, smash-swords third."

This was agreed to, and two braces of pistols were loaded. The choice given to Boon, who seized them, smelt their muzzles, examined their locks, and chose a pair. The ground was measured, and the antagonists stood in their places, ten paces apart.

The signal being given, both fired at the same time, Boon's pistol sent the ball through the top of Playfair's hat, and that of Playfair grazed off the skin from Boon's shoulder. This, however, was not sufficient for the Kentuckian's satisfaction.

The combatants take their stand again,—the word is given, and Boon fires first, wounding Playfair slightly in the leg. Playfair fires in the

air, and in Europe the affair would now have ended.—Not so in the “Smartest Nation in all Creation!”

The “spear-swords,” in English the small-swords, were called for by Snig,—the opponents were placed face to face,—Playfair assumed the usual position,—and Boon, who knew nothing of fencing, rushed at his antagonist with the confidence of running him through the body by main strength. This furious thrust was, however, not only admirably parried by Playfair but the blade of Boon’s sword was turned off shivering in the air and the point of Playfair’s was planted against Boon’s chest so closely and surely, that the life of the latter was completely at Playfair’s disposal. He gallantly spared it, on account of Boon’s ignorance of fencing. Saying, “I conclude the meeting will now terminate, for I have full satisfaction.”

“No, by the ’tarnal! we’ll go it the whole hog,” roared Boon.

“Here goes, then; no confounding, I calculate, for the smash-swords,” said Snig.

The broadswords were produced, but Arm-

strong said, "This is atrocious, it is barbarous, savage beyond precedent ! and Mr. Snig you are really going to force them to butcher one another ?"

"I says, sir, I guess you're no gentleman ; and I says I'll be particularly tarnashed if I disn't explainify wid you when they gets slick through with the smash-swords."

Armstrong offered no further observation. He saw they were determined on bloody business, and any further opposition on his part would only end in blasting his own reputation as a naval officer ; and as the opponents took their ground for the fourth time, he said in an undertone to Playfair, "The monster is resolved to kill you, so make the most of it."

Boon, from having had practice in the use of the singlestick could have now used the broadsword, if he had only patience and coolness, with probably deadly effect ; but he again depended on his superior strength and the weight of the weapon, which he resolved to use hatchet-fashion, and "split," as he said, "his enemy slick down the middle."

With this view he struck down perpendicularly, with great force, over Playfair's head ; but the latter not only parried off the blow, but recovered his defence, and made the left cut with such dexterity and force under Boon's cheek, that he nearly severed the Kentuckian's head from his shoulders : the monster fell down instantly, and expired in a few moments without uttering a word.

Snig, unmindful of Boon's corse, came up with fierce look to Armstrong, and twanged out menacingly, "I calculates, captain, we may as well do it out all universal slick now."

"What do you mean?" said Armstrong.

"Why, fight," said Snig.

"We have," replied Armstrong, "had enough of bloodshed on one occasion ; on another, and on a fitting cause, I shall have no fear of meeting you. I have fulfilled the part I owed my friend ; I am now going to attend to my own duty, and yours probably requires you at the capitol. I shall be at Washington myself before many weeks pass over ; and then, if there be any reason to adjust or decide a point of honour, I shall meet you on the usual grounds."

## CHAPTER VI.

A FURTHER EXEMPLIFICATION OF INDIVIDUAL  
CHARACTER IN AMERICA, ILLUSTRATED BY  
ARMSTRONG'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

“This is no mine ain house.”

THE fatal termination of a meeting under circumstances which would, perhaps, in no other country in the world have appealed to such a bloody trial, while it affords one of the countless examples of the laxity of moral principle, justice, and executive power in America, was at first reflected on by Playfair as one of those solemn responsibilities to which, not his honour, but the police and courts of justice should call him to account.

“Come, come away, my friend,” said Arm-

strong ; “ Boon’s and Snig’s friends will take all due care of the body. If we interfere, it will end in perhaps a dozen of duels : they will attend to the funeral honours, to the funeral sermon, and to all the pomp of funeral procession and interment.”

“ Where shall we go ?” said Playfair.

“ Why,” replied Armstrong, “ *honour* called me out this morning to accompany you. We have humbled to the ground for a time the vanity of those duellists, who boast that America is the *smartest nation in the world*. Duty now requires me elsewhere. Let us go to the dockyard. Never mind the consequences of the morning, which will end merely by a funeral ceremony and newspaper paragraphs.”

To the dockyard, therefore, our heroes proceeded.

“ You see what formidable sea-castles we have here. Look at our plan of construction : what length of keel and breadth of beam ! Why, that seventy-four, which is to mount one hundred and twenty guns, will breast the billows under her topgallant sails, when your short, narrow, high,

old-fashioned ships, will be careering over, under double-reefed topsails, with their lower-deck ports a fathom under water. With that gallant ship how I would rejoice ! It would renew my days, to meet your old tyrant of a captain, now a baronet, is he not ? Old as I am, I would attack him, if he had two of your first-rates under his command."

After showing Playfair all the departments of the dockyard, and all the ships then in the progress of construction, he said,

"What do you think of the Yankee *fir-built* ships, and their bits of striped bunting ?"

"If," said Playfair, "I should ever have command at sea, and observe your bit of striped bunting, I shall think of the *live oak* over which it waves, and be very shy of an engagement in a gale of wind, whatever I might do in moderate weather."

"You have the generous candour of a sailor ! Come let me conduct you to my cabin, I will give you a sketch of my story ; the sun is over the foreyard, and we will, I dare say, find a shot in the locker."

They entered Armstrong's apartment, which was a snug box enough ; its interior decorated with various weapons, charts, nautical instruments, and countless articles that appertain to the naval profession, or that were collected during the captain's voyages.

A negro woman and boy attended him. He ordered luncheon, and Playfair observed that he retained the early-formed predilection of an English sailor for porter and cheese.

"Playfair," said Armstrong, "although you and I belong now to the navies of different countries, I am not the less happy to see you. I have grown old in the service of the United States, I have always been regarded with respect, and rewarded according to my full deserts. It is the only service in this country that is respected or rewarded. Yet I am not happy—I am alone in the world—I have no ties in or to America :—social and domestic relations I have none. It is true I hate the mere English government, at least the administration which has done me the greatest wrongs,—that has torn me from all that was precious to my heart,—that has

blasted hope and those domestic endearments which I once fondly trusted would surround and cherish the decline of life—yes! much as I hate the government, unjustly and cruelly as I have been treated, my heart, my associations, and my ideas of domestic affection fondly cling to

‘ England with all her ills.’

Had I a wife and children in America, had I formed those intertwining ties to which, after all, our happiness chiefly clings, I should not feel myself alone, solitary, taciturn, and uneasy as I now do.”

The story of Armstrong may not be uncommon. But it is affecting in its narration, and may well instruct us in practising the most amiable of Christian virtues—charity for the frailties, or what may or may not be culpable or criminal in our neighbour.

During the last American war, Playfair was first lieutenant of one of the frigates then on the Halifax station. The captain of that gallant ship was some years younger than his lieutenant, but had not been one-half as long at sea. He

was naturally a tyrant, and we need scarcely say that there is no empire on earth better calculated for the exercise of despotism than the deck of a man-of-war.

From his own idleness and inattention, and from the indulgence of his captain, while for little more than a year a midshipman, and for another year a lieutenant, before he became commander, and soon after, as post-captain, Sir Froward Blighthonor was quite ignorant of nautical affairs, or of his duty as an officer. Although he had neither experience or knowledge, he was arrogant and presumptuous. By his obstinacy in persisting that there was deep water in a most intricate channel among the Bahamas, he ran his frigate aground, and she was only got off by landing the guns and most of the stores. A month afterwards, from stubbornly contending that the ship close haul would weather Cape Hatteras, he incurred one of the most extraordinary risks of shipwreck that ever madman could have conceived; and, although the quickness of the ship in stays, when nearly amidst the breakers, saved her, an expense equal

to half the cost of her construction was the consequence of straining the ship under an extraordinary press of canvass during the gale.

Before he was posted to this frigate, he had conceived an act of wanton madness in the sloop-of-war, which he then, at the age of not quite twenty, commanded. His first lieutenant a seaman of great experience and often-tried bravery ventured to remonstrate. The juvenile commander flew into a violent passion, abused his lieutenant, high words followed, and on their arrival in the West Indies the lieutenant was dismissed without pay, from a service in which he had done faithful duty for eighteen years. This lieutenant was Armstrong.

Sir Froward having treated Playfair also with great disrespect, and the latter being convinced that remaining on board the same ship with so odious a tyrant, would blast his promotion, wrote all his friends to exert their several interests to have him appointed to another ship.

On his arrival at Halifax from Barbadoes, he found an order to join the flagship of the admiral, commanding at Newfoundland.

To do so without delay, he embarked in one of those vessels which are employed as *coasters*, and in carrying provisions, and especially cattle, from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, to supply the fisheries and shipping at St. John's. The skipper was a mere pilot, an Acadian Frenchman, who with his three sons navigated the vessel. They had on board an old Scotch widow, who accompanied her oxen, mutton, and butter, to sell them to the most advantage, and some other passengers also accompanying their several commodities to market. Early on the bright calm morning of the second day, as the tide swept the schooner out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, within St. Paul's Island, and round the northern promontory of Cape Breton, into the Atlantic, a low, long, black, three-masted schooner appeared, like a crocodile in ambush, lying close under the high frowning coast. In a few minutes she was in motion, and, in a short time, approaching the coaster, without sails, and with inconceivable celerity. Impelled forward by the power of from thirty to forty *sweeps*, or extra-long oars, the privateer, for such she proved, was soon within

half-gunshot distance, and then fired off a ball which whizzed past the coaster's bows, and splashed and rose, and splashed again and again, over and on the surface of the sea. The coaster immediately struck, and on approaching within fifty fathoms, the privateer ordered the skipper to launch his boat and come on board. This was done, and Playfair accompanied him.

On ascending the enemy's deck, which was not two feet above the surface of the water, Playfair was astonished at the length, breadth, and power of the vessel. In midships was swung on a swivel that formidable piece of ordnance called *Long Tom*, on the poop were four carronades, vulgarly called *bull-dogs*; and two short pieces with large caliber were planted at each bow. The smallarms were muskets, pistols, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes. Playfair was mistaken for the skipper of the coaster, and led to the captain of the privateer, who accosted him in a severe tone, and said he was determined to punish all those whom he captured, if they had on board provisions for the

enemy. On Playfair's stating that he was merely a passenger, that the old Acadian who stood at the gangway was the skipper, and that the coaster's cargo belonged to farmers and to a Scotch widow, also a farmer, who were all on board, the commander of the privateer bade Playfair follow him to his cabin; at the same time directing his first lieutenant to send some hands on board the prize, and to select for the use of the privateer two of the fattest oxen, half-a-dozen sheep, the same number of pigs, a few tubs of butter, and all the poultry. "Let them, however, spare, if they can do so, the Scotch widow's butter and mutton," was included in the direction.

Playfair followed the captain to his cabin, who ordered breakfast, and then addressed Playfair as follows :

"I am persuaded, sir, that you are, or have been, an officer in the British navy; what ship did you serve last on board of?"

"On board of his Majesty's ship Growler, Captain Blighthonor."

"I know her; and I know her captain too well—blast him! What made you leave her?"

she is a brave frigate, and, if I mistake not, you are a fearless officer."

"It was not, you may rest assured, the fear, but it was certainly the insolence of her captain that made me apply for an appointment to another ship," replied Playfair.

"Hah! hah! hah! he continues, then, in his old devilish way, damn him! Yes, cursed be those who employ such a tyrant. I shall be avenged, or may Heaven blast me! Yes, perdition seize me! rather than that he should escape a terrible retaliation for his accursed conduct."

"I have as little respect for Captain Blighthonor as you have," remarked Playfair.

"The heartless fiend, you cannot hate him with more unforgiving animosity than he deserves. I am your friend; my name is Armstrong. I have been long an officer in the British navy, served in the same ship that Captain Blighthonor commanded; the monster blasted my prospects by having me most undeservedly dismissed the service. From that moment I have owed a government, wicked

enough to employ so ungallant an officer and so perfidious a man, nothing but revenge. You, sir, may wait long enough for the rank of post-captain in such an unjust service. Better join the United States navy, for I certainly shall not allow you to proceed to Newfoundland."

"I know, Captain Armstrong," said Playfair, "I am quite in your power; but I cannot, until I have personally better reason, willingly abandon the service of my country. As for you, sir, I am well acquainted with all the circumstances of the tyrannical injustice to which you have been subjected."

"Very well," said Armstrong, "you shall go any where you please, except to Newfoundland. Although I wish you every good fortune, I hate the enemy with all the malignant vengeance which the heart of the most injured man can cherish. I will give you the command of the prize; do what you please with her, but give me your word that you proceed not to the enemy's squadron at Newfoundland."

„I readily agree to do so," answered Playfair. After breakfast both returned upon deck.

A fresh breeze sprung up; the lieutenant returned from the coaster, and executed the captain's directions. On the deck of the privateer were assembled at least eighty men, natives of many countries; several were English seamen, who had deserted from our ships of war and merchant-vessels; not a few had served in the same English sloop-of-war in which Captain Armstrong last served as lieutenant. Playfair observed six or seven men eyeing him, and he immediately recognised them as seamen who had deserted from the Growler frigate about six weeks before, at Halifax. As he approached the gangway, one of them, who had been coxswain, came up, the others following, and doffing his hat, said,

“I hope we are not making too free, Lieutenant Playfair, for wishing your honour all manner of good-luck. Your honour was, in all weathers, the sailor's friend, and on board of George's Andrew Miller, many a time your honour saved Jack's back from the cat—not, your honour, but that George would be true-blue himself if he hadn't so many lubbers for

captains ; and not allowing the officers that are *true-blue*, to be never no more than *middies*, and *left-tenants*."

Poor fellow ; it was true enough, that Playfair often succeeded in saving them from the lash, when the honourable captain used to imagine they "looked mutiny," or, when otherwise, in his freaks of ill-temper he would order them to be flogged.

Playfair then bid adieu to the privateer, and to her generous-hearted, though wrong-headed, commander. He rejoined the coaster, sailed back to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, landed at Pictou, and crossed overland to Halifax. Peace soon followed, and Playfair was then, for the first time, shelved on half-pay.

They now met under the extraordinary circumstances mentioned in the last chapter ; and after this brief digression, we will proceed with the sequel of Armstrong's narrative.

"Although," continued he, "on being innocently dismissed the service of my native land, I, in desperation, and in poverty, entered into that of an enemy at war with England ;—and,

although I have ever since entertained the full spirit of revenge against the scoundrel that ruined me, and the admiralty who sanctioned the atrocious injustice—yet, the early principles of a virtuous education have ever influenced my conduct.

“Eight months before I left England, I was married to a lady to whom I was engaged for some years. Her family lived near London, and mine only a mile distant. I had known her from her infancy—our attachment grew up with us. It was formed almost unknown to ourselves, from our being so frequently together—we knew not why, but we were always unhappy asunder. The neighbours had long remarked this; and we were set down as a match, before we ever thought of saying to each that we loved.

“She was an only daughter. Her father had served as a captain in a foot regiment. He was somewhat quick in his temper, and peculiar in some of his habits. Her mother was one of the dignified, calm, excellent English ladies of the school of that day. She was by all esteemed

and loved. Her husband adored her, yet he was cold and interested in his feelings towards his daughter. On my marriage with Agnes Trevor, that was my wife's maiden name, her mother, although she was much attached to me, was deeply affected, when she thought of the vicissitudes of my profession.

“When ordered to join the ship under the command of Captain Blighthonor, my wife was far gone in pregnancy—I petitioned for leave to remain on shore for two months longer—my request was disregarded—I would have thrown up my commission, but my father-in-law said, if I did so, he would neither see me nor his daughter while he lived;—that he would not give, or leave her a shilling. He was a cold-hearted man—I had little fortune—and nothing to depend upon for supporting my wife or the child she would give birth to, except the scanty pay of my profession. I was accordingly forced to join my ship. We were ordered to the West India station;—and I never afterwards saw my Agnes, nor do I know what has become of my child—a daughter—to which, a month after my





departure, she gave birth. I need not repeat the story of my being dismissed from the British service. On my return to the United States from the coast of Cape Breton, I was maddened into alternate fury and despair. I had then been four years without hearing from or of my wife. I learnt, after that lapse, my character had been most maliciously and designedly traduced. I was termed a coward, a traitor, a villanous outcast. It was told my wife, that I had turned pirate—had committed unexampled atrocities—was captured and gibbeted. I had placed, in order to be remitted to Agnes, nearly two thousand pounds in the hands of an agent in Jamaica, a countryman of my own; but he also betrayed me, proved himself a scoundrel; and, although he lost his post under government, escaped to the United States with a large fortune. Had she received this money, her father would have thought otherwise of me. About a year after the infamous report of my piracy and execution, a little red-faced fat man, a banker, and who had also considerable property invested in a lucrative

manufacturing concern, became acquainted with the father of my wife, and in a short time proposed marriage to Agnes. She rejected him with scorn; but finally being convinced, by those who surrounded her, of my death, and she becoming careless of existence, yielded to her father's continually urged wishes, and accepted the hand, or rather the establishment of a man she loathed. He proved an unworthy and unfeeling husband. His riches had long covered his countless sins, while he intrigued with the most worthless women as a bachelor. Now that he was married, he became the subject of scandal all over the most stupid county in England. He utterly neglected Agnes, and I have lately learnt that she died obscurely in grief and misery, upon a small allowance which he gave her: the marriage settlement having been so drawn up by his lawyer, that the children alone, should there be any, would derive benefit from its provisions.

“It is now twenty-three years since I parted from Agnes. Her image is still as freshly impressed on my heart, as on the day I bade her,

alas ! a final farewell. The intelligence I received of her marriage, I have said, drove me to desperation. I knew it was impossible for me to appear in England, and I immediately accepted the command of the United States sloop-of-war, which was ordered to protect the whale-ships in the South Sea. On that station I remained four years, and soon after returning, was promoted to the United States frigate, *Sea-serpent*, then put in commission, to proceed to the East Indies.

“ It is only ten months since I have returned. Being nearly worn out in the service, I am here superintending the outfit of that seventy-four, now ready to launch. I have gathered a considerable fortune, and shall, after my present duty to the naval service, is fulfilled, endeavour, if my child be living, to recover her.

“ It would be unwise for me to ask further employment of this government ; though when I reflect on the circumstances that have driven me an outcast from my native country, my heart’s blood still gurgles, with the passion of

being revenged on those who have so grievously blasted my prospects. It is time, however, that I should check this passion, and have charity even towards those who have irreparably wronged me."

While Captain Armstrong thus spoke, his eyes, and the general lineaments of his handsome, although weatherbeaten countenance, bore a striking sort of family resemblance to the beautiful and young Mrs Hawkins, a lady who was passenger in the ship which carried Playfair across the Atlantic. He fancied they might have been related,—but not knowing her family name, or her history, it was useless, and it might be very painful to remark the circumstance to Armstrong.

After a pause of some minutes, the latter continued, " I think that, after so long an absence, I might return to England without being molested by the British government; and as a citizen, naturalized fifteen years ago in the United States, I am told I shall be protected."

" Certainly," replied Playfair.

"Very well," said Armstrong, "I am happy in thinking so. I shall commence, when the seventy-four is launched to put my affairs in order. It will require six or seven weeks to arrange matters. My term of service in this yard will be up in four; I will then go for one or two months to mend my shattered hull at Saratoga, return here afterwards to wind up all my concerns with the navy-board, and then, whatever be the risk, the father shall go forth in search of his daughter. I often dream she is with me, and that she is now the image of what dear, dear Agnes was."

The tears trickled down the furrows of the brave man's face. Playfair bade him farewell, saying, "We shall meet again, for I also intend to be, during the following season, at Saratoga."

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE SLAVE-CLIPPER.

“ She had a curious crew, as well as cargo,  
Like that first old privateer, the Argo.”

ON returning to New York from the naval yard at Brooklyn, on passing near a long black-hulled, three-raking-masted schooner, Playfair remarked, “ How admirably that vessel is calculated for a privateer !”

“ Ah ? in time of war, capital,” replied Captain Spry, who stood near him on the deck of the ferry-boat, “ but,” continued he, “ that clipper was not built for a privateer, I’ll warrant you. No ! no ! not a bit of her.”

“ What then ; for a smuggler ?” asked Playfair.

“Yes, she would do famous for that, or for a pirate ; but if I am not far out of judgment, her anchors will, before many weeks, grapple with the African coast,” answered Captain Spry.

“That is,” said Playfair, “as a *free*, not as a *slave* trader.”

“Ah ! free trade in *Africans*, no doubt,” replied Spry.

“But,” said Playfair, “that cannot be allowed ; our treaties for *putting down* the slave-trade will not permit that horrible traffic ; at least, not under the American flag.”

“Treaties and flags ! Oh, sir, mind me ; *that sneaking-at-anchor and swift-under-sail-clipper*, with her *long-tom*,\* and her *bow-barkers*, and *stern-snarlers*, cares plaguy little for treaties ; and as for flags, there are enough of them besides *treaty-flags* : they have the Portuguese and others, plenty of them, I’ll warrant you.”

“This is, really,” said Playfair, “a new light on the abominable slave-trade. If vessels are

\* The *long-tom* is a huge piece of artillery, on a swivel in the centre of the main deck. The others are carronades, pointing from the bows and stern.

still fitted out at New York, there is much yet to do before the cursed traffic is put an end to."

"The slave-trade is far greater now than ever," observed Spry, gravely.

"Pray, Captain Spry," said Playfair, "what do you know about it?"

"Why, sir, four times as many niggers are now carried from Africa to Brazils alone, than were taken to all the West Indies and America, and ten times as many are now drowned as there were when your Wilberforce used to battle their cause."

"This is very extraordinary," said Playfair. "How do they manage in carrying it on?"

"Why, sir, clippers are built in one place, and fitted out in another. It is a very profitable business, and where there is profit to be made, there are plenty in America, and other places, who will find the money to fit out these slave-vessels; I should not wonder if that there same clipper, was more than half-owned and fitted out by Providence Solomons, and by another rogue who I'm told has joined him, who goes by the name of Doubloon Jack."

“But,” said Playfair, “how do they escape being taken by our cruisers.”

“Taken by your cruisers!” ejaculated he, with a stare. “Why sir, your cruisers can’t catch’em!!!—and if they could, why the negroes are thrown overboard and drowned. The slavers then hoist a non-treaty or Portuguese flag, show false papers, and return for another cargo of *niggers* to the coast. The calculation is that if they drown four cargoes, and land one at the Brazils, it’s what they call a *fair spec*.”

“Well, do you think it possible to stop this infernal traffic?” asked Playfair.

“Oh yes, but not in the way you English *try*,” replied the captain.

“How then?” asked Playfair.

“Why let America, England, and France, join in sending a half-dozen smart, light-draught well-armed steamers to the *west* coast, and *east* along the Mozambique to the *New Nigger-trade* country, and then hang every man in every vessel found slave-trading there, and let there be steamers also scouring the coast of Brazils, and let them seize all vessels hav-

ing or landing slaves, and hang the crews. Hanging, sir, is the only way to clear up the trade. True you might save one or two to turn evidence, and then you would be sure to hang Providence Solomons, and Doubloon Jack. Yes, and many more *humanity-talking* rogues, with lots of *meeting-house goers*, to boot."

"This is indeed a melancholy, but at the same time a powerful alternative," said Playfair.

"There is no other remedy, sir. No! nothing but hanging them without judge or jury, the moment the slavers are caught. Give me," continued Spry, "six well-armed steam-boats, and the power to hang without mercy the *pirates*, for they are worse than pirates, and I will be bound to America, and England, and France, to be hanged myself, if I don't hang the pirates, and stop the trade."\*

\* If the humanity of putting an end to the slave-trade were entirely out of the question, the state of labour, in the British and French West Indies, 'where the disabled old, and the very young as well as the sick, are to be in some way maintained,' cannot compete in producing sugar, with the labour of strong, young, adult slaves, imported into Cuba and the Brazils.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NEW YORK QUALITY, OR YANKEE ARISTOCRACY.

“Doubtless the things themselves are rich and rare,  
The wonder’s how the devil they got there.”

PLAYFAIR left the drawing-room on the evening which followed the duel, on being called upon by Mr. Palver, a personage of great wealth, to whom Playfair had a letter of introduction. Mr. Palver was really at heart a very worthy man.

“My wife,” said Mr. Palver.

Mr. Playfair, although he was a bachelor merely because he never could afford to marry,

liked the word wife far better than lady, who might be wife, mistress, or what not.

“My wife,” resumed Mr. Palver, “and my daughters are to have a dinner-party and dance to-morrow evening, and I have called now to invite you, and as I am on my way home you will perhaps walk with me, that I may introduce you to my family.”

This *was* a very sensible commencement; and Playfair walked home with Mr. Palver. He found Mrs. Palver and her very beautiful daughters a little formal at first; but in a short time easy and pleasing in their manners. This is generally the case in American families, except on occasions of display, which in New York, it need scarcely be observed, are on a most sumptuous scale.

Playfair remained long enough on his first visit to feel as if quite domesticated in Mr. Palver's family. Next day, at the appointed dinner-hour, he repaired again to the mansion of this worthy family. Mrs. Palver received him not on the footing on which they parted the preceding evening; but with a somewhat

embarrassed reserve, the effect not of the feelings of the heart, but of habit in established ideas of receiving company ; a measured formality in words and manner, which has been considered decorous demeanour ; by no means, as strangers have too often asserted, a feeling of constitutional innate coldness.

The present occasion was, he soon discovered, intended as one of display ; and it is not to be wondered that, in America, as elsewhere, the attempt at display, by those who do not understand it, smothers their usual good sense.

The daughters were blooming in all the transparent beauty of that divine loveliness of face, and classic symmetry and elasticity of form, of which the northern states may so fairly be proud : but which parents and husbands have so frequently to deplore, as forming a predisposition to early decline, and a brief exit from the present stage of love, affection, and paternity, to a world mysterious and unknown.

Mrs. Palver was seated, as Playfair entered, on a capacious crimson and gold damask-covered

and gilded canapé; the drawing-room was, with the exception of an excess of French ornaments, much like the most splendid London ones, situated on the first floor, of a harpsichord form, with two polished steel English fireplaces, in which Nova Scotian coals were brightly burning. The ample, well-stuffed arm-chairs, fauteuils, bergers, and sofas, covered with rich crimson-and-gold coloured Beauvais tapestry; the full, flowing window-curtains, of the same materials; the magnificent French mirrors, ormolu pendules and chimney ornaments; the statues, imported from Italy, of the Graces, of Venus, of little Cupid, and of the adoring child Samuel, disposed appropriately for the bright light of superb chandeliers, gorgeously suspended from the ceiling, to exhibit in grand relief the masterly beauties of the Roman artists. The loo-table, with no cards on it; the round table, profusely covered with green, scarlet, and gold albums and annuals; the whist-tables, on which lay only books; the glass cases, in some of which, mosaically arranged, were specimens of all the vivid con-

chology of the Bahamas ; in others, stuffed and perched on tiny boughs, or squatting on velvet moss, were many of the brilliant varieties of humming and other birds, natural to the sylvan wilds of the west. All these objects of luxury adorned and furnished an apartment far too gorgeous to be comfortable ; far more adapted for exhibition than use, especially when the tapestry of canapés and fauteuils shone forth, as on the present occasion, in full flowery brilliancy ; and certainly far more adapted to look at, than for some greasy-pantalooned owner of a South Sea whale-ship to sit upon.

Near to, and facing Mrs. Palver, sat, on one of the splendid fauteuils, Squire Jonah Spermacetti, who, from his name and relationship to the monsters of the deep, might have been written down as lineally akin to the famed Jonah of holy writ.

Our modern Jonah was, however, more a man of dollars than a man of God. His father, who had lately died, left him owner of two South Sea whale-ships, large enough to carry within *their bellies* ten such ships as went down

in days of yore from Joppa to Tarsus, and the great fish that swallowed the first of the name to boot. Jonah, the spermacetti one we mean, had, however, all along an eye, not to being sheltered under a gourd, but to the right side of the profit and loss account. He made one voyage to the South Seas, to be enabled to check the expenses of future voyages; and another to Liverpool and to Havre to be equally intelligent (*cute* he called it) in regard to the honesty of agents to whom he consigned, or should consign, cargoes of sperm, train-oil, and whalebone.

“That is Squire Spermacetti, of Salem, or, as we call him, ‘Squire *Sperm of Selm*,’ for shortness; and which is also better, as we do not like how he came by the long name,”\* said Mrs. Palver, when about to introduce Playfair to him. “He is mighty lucky,” she continued,

\* This alluded to a scandalous report that Squire Spermacetti’s father was the son of his grandfather’s housekeeper, who had been nicknamed Nancy Spermacetti; and that that name was given to the son from being a natural child, instead of that of the father, whose real name was *Seth Stepsure*.

“and worth, my brother Mahaleel calculates, more *as* three hundred thousand dollars. In *fack*, I may tell you, he has to-day proposed to me, not to them, for either of my darters; that is, for whichever will first have him.”

“From *Yeould Heeng-land slick*, I guess, squire?” twanged forth the man of sperm-oil and whale-gills, making an angular bow, and scraping back a yard of the hearth-rug with his right foot at the same time.

“Glad to see you, squire Playfair, in this here *New Yeork*; left Leeverpool per last *liner*.\* And I calculate what are last *kotations* in Gore’s,† for finbone and sperm? *tarnation heavy*, I guess! *ven dem der Tobins*, and *oders* in *dee Hafrican trade*, brings into such terrible *kompeeteeshun parm-hoil* and *hoyvroy*.”

“I really must confess to you, sir, my utter ignorance of this, no doubt, very useful knowledge,” replied Playfair; “and, meantime, I prefer presenting myself to the charming Misses Palver.”

\* One of the ships of the so-termed line of packets, called like the squire, *liner*, for shortness, we presume.

† A very useful mercantile paper published at Liverpool.

“Smart lasses, smart lasses, squire. I guess such a *hignoramus* as you be, shall never have a *spec vi dem er* smart gals,” concluded Jonah.

Playfair stepped forward and presented himself to the young ladies.

“What an *odd fish* that *Jonah* is!” said Miss Jemima.

“Yes, and odd enough, if you should marry him,” observed Miss Clara.

“I should rather be condemned to, I don’t know what,” replied Miss Jemima.

“To be gobbled up like his namesake, I guess,” exclaimed Clara.

“A thousand times over,” echoed Jemima. “But there comes Mr. and Mrs. Fenelon Philog, and Miss Calypso and Miss Eucharis Philog.”

“Who,” exclaimed Playfair, “are the Philogs, who have such classical names?”

“Oh! Mr. Fenelon Philog,” replied Miss Jemima, “is a most smart classical man, a great traveller, and speaks all languages.”

“Greek, German, and Gaelic, no doubt,” said Playfair.

“Oh ! yes,” answered Clara.

“Then, no doubt, he also understands Phrygian, Phœnician, and French ?”

“Oh ! yes, and Spanish too,” said Jemima.

“And Servian, and Slavonian, Swedish, and Syrian ?”

“Yes,” said Clara.

“Italian and Indostanee, Hebrew and Hungarian ?”

“All,—all !” exclaimed Jemima.

“He learnt them all at *Hoch-Schule*, he calls the place ; ’tis a great city in Germany,” said Clara.

“Yes, and he has them all in his library !” said Jemima.

“Oh ! ’tis such a library !” exclaimed Clara.

“’Tis as large as the *Bibliothèque du Roi* in Paris,” said Jemima.

“Yes, and all the books are quite new,” said Clara.

“Oh ! yes to be sure they are ;—Mr. Philog

has too much *goût* to have old things in his library," observed Jemima, knowingly.

"Miss Eucharis Philog says 'tis quite select," said Miss Clara.

"'Tis indeed select," echoed Miss Jemima, "and yet do you know that that vulgar fellow, young Nathan, whom *we* never admit, is so vain as to go about telling, that Mr. Philog's library is his *pet-lounge*."

"I am sure he never could be admitted there, it is too select; and I will certainly ask Miss Calypso," remarked Miss Clara.

"Really," observed Playfair, "your friends the Philogs must, like their library, be a very select family."

"Oh! the Philogs," replied Miss Jemima, "are very first quality, I assure you, sir—really—are the very first quality, sir."

"Oh, indeed? I am very happy to meet so many of your very first quality," remarked Playfair.

The Philogs were accordingly introduced. They had arrived only a week before from

France—full of French intelligence and airs ; and Mrs. Philog pulled out of a glittering Parisian reticule, a despatch from Mrs. Swamp, an American lady at Paris, to Mrs. Palver ; but of which despatch we will say nothing until after dinner.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE DINNER AT QUALITY HOUSE.

“ The table was a board to tempt ev’n ghosts  
To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts ;  
I will not dwell upon ragouts or roasts,  
Albeit all human history attests,  
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—  
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.”

DINNER being announced by a mulatto servant, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, and the ceremonies of who were to lead or support the ladies to and at table, being agreed upon, Mrs. Palver was consigned to Mr. Philog,—Mrs. Philog to Mr. Palver,—and, that not two of a family should be linked in the same arms, Miss Jemima Palver, and Miss Eucharis Philog were adjudged to Squire Spermacetti,

who, following the married leaders, descended to the dining-parlour, with his brace of beauties, swingingly, in spread-eagle fashion: Playfair brought up the rear with Miss Clara and Miss Calypso.

The dining-room was really like a good old English dining-parlour. A coal-grate fireplace was well adapted for heating the room and warming plates. The wall was adorned with old-fashioned paper, some paintings and prints in curiously-carved gilt frames, and some French engravings; among which, very properly *in juxtaposition*, in place, but *anti-expressive* in character, were, that of the solemn declaration of American independence in the old Continental Hall, Philadelphia, and that of the theatrical flourish of the JEU DES PAUMES in the tennis-court of Versailles.\* Along the

\* The editor, who knew Lafayette well, was one day looking at copies of the said paintings, in one of the General's saloons, Rue d'Anjou, Saint Honoré, Paris, when the latter observed expressively, in English, "Ah! you are looking at the most faithful illustrations, although not probably intended as such, of the then French and American character. In one—theatrical effect, and the mere effervescence of ideal liberty. In the other—decision, and resolute force of true independence.

wall opposite the fire stood a mahogany side-board, loaded with flint glass, goblets, and glasses, and decanters filled with choice wines, with a liquor-stand of bottles containing rum, brandy, whiskey, and *mint-julep*. The room was lighted by candelabra on the chimney-piece, and wax-lights on the table and sideboard. The table itself was laid out for ten persons, covered and arranged in the usual good old English way. A quart decanter full of sherry on one side of the landlord, and one of Madeira on that of the landlady.

“ Oh *ma chère* Mrs. Palver,” exclaimed Mrs. Philog, “ how very comfortable your *sally manger* be,—but, ho ! la ! quite *passy*, I assure yees ; one would think by this here *sally manger* that this here state of York was only yet an ould wolgar English province.”

“ I am sorry we have not one more agreeable to your taste,” replied Mrs. Palver, as they sat down to a repast which Old Curtis himself would not have retreated from. Turtle-soup and punch, both of which would make not the heart, but the palate, of a Flower, or a Key, or

of any other Don-Key rejoice, was served up hot in a tureen, also in good old English fashion.

Mrs. Philog, however, interposed, and said, "Ho! *ma chère* Mrs. Palver, that there be now quite wolgar, I purtest! Do make Coriolanus take away that there great *beedett*-looking thing, and serve soup as they do's in the Roo Revoly, without your knowing where it comes from!"

This was agreed to, and Coriolanus, the mulatto servant, was directed to convey the tureen out of the room, and to bring in the soup to each respectively,\* in plates.

"Tarnation seize me," exclaimed Squire Sperm of Selm, "if ever I seed such a contrivance for cooling turtle! Why, ven we have dee *stirabout* sent up lightning-hot from the Camboos, we keep blowing at it hintil 'tis spoonable."

"Oh! oh! Squire Sperm, you know that quality must be ruled by fashion," observed Mrs. Philog.

"I never like them there new fashions which makes the quality of *stirabout* unspoonable,

\* Query, Respectfully.—P.D.

which I guess it will be by sending it to cool in that ere passage," replied Sperm, and then shut his mouth until the turtle reappeared plate by plate to each guest.

Cold enough it certainly had become, and Jonah implored Mrs. Palver to have the tureen sent for, replenished with some that was quite hot, and which Mr. Palver commanded Coriolanus to do; so that Playfair, and Mr. Sperm, and Mr. Palver enjoyed a really delicious plate of turtle. The ladies declined being so vulgar in presence of Mrs. Philog.

A magnificent boiled salmon, smoking hot, stretched at full length on a long oval dish, accompanied by lobster sauce, was laid before Mrs. Palver, to carve and serve; a splendid whole cod, with oyster sauce, was placed in like manner, for the like purpose, before Mr. Palver. Both lord and lady were about commencing to carve, and help their guests from *thick* or *thin*, of those delicious fishes: but this was too much for Mrs. Philog, who exclaimed,

"I purtest, it really makes me *nerwoos*—I

shall have my *highstreaks*\* again, if I see butchery at table. The French be so tender that they will not never *represent* in the *spectacle* cruelty to *hanimals* nor to *humans*; so do pray send them there whale fishes to Coriolanus to carve, and sarve round in fashion, as they do in Roo Revoly,—and do not say please have salmon, or *member fish*,† but say—*Cottolett de samo*, *Cottolett de moroo*, as they say in Roo Revoly.”

Mrs. Palver who was now gathering back some of her usual good sense, replied, “Dear Mrs. Philog, Coriolanus would spoil all fashion, he has never *had liberty* to carve in all his born days; but the next time you honour us with your dinner-company, I hope to learn better, and have *deeny reseshy tout ally frenzy*, I think you call it.”

“Madam Philog,” said Mr. Philog, “you are so much obliged to Madam Palver for her promise, that I beg leave to submit to your *bong goo*, to let dinner progress *a lang lee*.”‡

\* Query, Histericks.—P.D.      † Query, Cod-fish.—P.D.

‡ Query, à l'Anglais.—P.D.

Dinner went accordingly on, much to Mr. Sperm's satisfaction, on Madam Philog consenting that the "whales," as she designated the boiled salmon and cod, might be *gillyteened* on the table.

"I shall be honoured in drinking wine with Madam Philog," said Mr. Palver.

"*Pardonny-moa*—I purtest you shall not, as I would be having *highstreaks*,—no, no, *mercy biang*, I shall help myself to wine as they do in Roo Revoly."

The salmon and cod were removed, and in came a huge roast sirloin of beef, and a boiled leg of mutton with turnips.

"Oh, I am shocked! cruelty to *hanimals* agin! all New York, is still *tear savage*,\*—but I've made up my mind to *hinderdeuce* fashion and civilization, from Roo Revoly," exclaimed Mrs. Philog.

"I *partition* you, *marm*, never to *nullify* the roast beef and fat mutton 'til vee've dinnereed off 'em," murmured Mr. Sperm.

\* *Query, Terre sauvage.*

“I do calculate we had better forego modern fashion and civility, until we return to the drawing-room, and meet our evening party,” observed Mr. Palver.

“That’s wolgar words,” replied Mrs. Philog, quickly; “you never hears em in Roo Revoly. There’s where they *hinderstands purlitess*, and always says *sallo*, and not never *heavening party*, but *swer-ree*; wen they *quad-reel*, they say, *swer-ree-dan-sand*; they never says quality in Roo Revoly, but *bo-mond*. I be, *mo-sew* Palver, made hup to hinderdeuce all them there *term de purlitess*, *wee-wee!* *je-swee!* Yes, I guess I be made hup Madam Palver, and *harter* I am *dummy sealed*† I never will speak any of that there wolgar English, for I be but made up to say nothing but in *lang de purlitess*.”

Meantime the party were helped to beef and mutton; plum-pudding, cranberry tarts, and custards followed. The dessert and wines were excellent. On the ladies rising to go away, Mrs. Philog said, “I hopes you will not

\* Query, Domiciled, or sealed dumb.—P.D.

sit again arter wee, *moseers*;" but, as even her own spouse seemed not disposed to budge, the others did sit for a full hour enjoying wine and nuts, and conversing on various topics, about England, France, and America, before mounting to the drawing-room.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE SOIREE.

"It is 'strange,'" writes Bevoriskius, "in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, "but the facts are certain, for I have had the curiosity to write them down with my own pen."

ON the gentlemen returning to the drawing-room which was very brilliantly illuminated, they found congregated a numerous party of both sexes.

"*Mo-seer Playfair,*," said Mrs. Philog, "*Je pree loh-nor for to hinderdeuce mo fees, Moseer Telemak Philog, he parleys Frenzy a mar-vile.*,"

"I have no doubt of it, madam," replied Playfair, bowing gravely; "all who make the *grand voyage*, and the grand tour, return, not

only with the accomplishment of speaking but thinking *frenzy*."

Mrs. Philog made the best polite French bend taught her at the Rue Rivoli ; courtesying being long since set down as the *obéissance d'une Paysanne*. Telemachus, after spluttering a few broken phrases of vile French, joined several tall delicate lads, who seemed to have shot up like so many heads of asparagus : they were paying their best homage and uttering the *most select smart sayings* in admiration of the *à la Rue Rivoli* accomplished, and the *just* returned from France, Mamselles Calypso and Eucharis.

"Do, Miss Calypso, sing the last *new* French music on the *pyehanor*." "Oh ! do too, Miss Eucharis," prayed half a dozen of the aforesaid white and green sprouts.

"I am sure the Miss Philogs will delight us," said the Misses Palver.

"They will charm us *à la frenzy*, no doubt," Playfair ventured to add ; "and Monsieur Telemaque, who has undoubtedly practised under Lablache will also delight us with a proof of his vocal powers *à la frenzy*."

“I never,” exclaimed Mrs. Philog, “*hallowed mo-fees* to practise singing, it was a *wolgarity* at *Roo Revoly*, and *mey-filles* have given *hup* the *pye-hanor*, as *hit* was also a *wolgarity* at *Roo Revoly*. Their *musicianer* made *huse* only of the harp,—to *hallow*, he said, the *classick* forms of *Calypso* and *Eucharist* to look like *tablo-wee-wants*.”

“I regret we have no harp in the house,” said Mrs. Palver.

“We could get a harp *quite slick* from Cyprian Capriani’s Musical Bazaar,” said in one voice a dozen of youthful admirers.

“I think it is rather too late,” said the more sedate Mrs. Palver, “and I hope for this occasion the piano, on which my daughters and the Misses Froggs are tolerable proficient, with albums, and books, and conversation, and some quadrilles, will enable us to pass the evening without much weariness; besides as I cannot make out the French in the despatch from my Parisian friend, and as it may amuse us all, perhaps you will allow Mr. Telemachus to read it aloud for our amusement.”

“*Ho, certainmang,*” replied Mrs. Philog, quickly, “*mo-fees reads frenzy à la mar-vile.*”

The despatch was accordingly handed to Telemachus, who read as follows :

“*Ma chère Madam Palver,* we have spent such a most *smart* happy winter in Paris,—and I now proceeds to tacts\* my *souvenirs*, to give you an *hinteresting* history of the *fêtes*, and *swer-rees* and *balls*, and every other kind and manner of delights and circumstances.

“This will be handed you by the Philogs—they have been such wonderful travellers, and Mr. Philog is so great a *class-seeker* that he kissed the Pope’s toe at Rome, and I do not know what else of all the English and French, and German grand *sign-oars*.

“At *Weena* he dined with *Metternitch*, and he says as *Metternitch* is such a terrible *smart*, and polite, and liberal *polite treachrean*, and ’cute *feel-oss-of-fer*.

“At *Munitch*, Mr. Philog did two wonderful *thinks* ;†—first, he wrote a German tragedy, all

\* *Query, Tax.*—P.D.

† *Query, Things.*—P.D.

about a *castle*, *ghosts*, and a *murder*, in company with the King of Munitch, who is a poet, and for that reason they say mad. *Agin* he settled with *Metternitch's* *humbassador à Munitch*, how to *arrête* the Italian *kolera*.

“Here in Paris, the Philogs have been the very first *bo-mond*. They had *all*, *O pree-meer*, next numero to *Mu-reeces*, and quite out-shined the Duck and Dutchess of Smotherland, who had all the premeer at *Mu-reece's*.

“In fact we *bo-mond* *Nightied States* citizens,\* out and out-shined all the British *stock-ratcy*. *Jinral Hedge*, he is called *jinral* here, and is here now, our greatest *Merican stock-rat*:—gives such grand *routes*! but we never hints that in *Nightied States*; he was never in our army, and only a middle shipman in the navy, as we all knows. The *jinral*, I means *Hedge*, not *Hickory*,† has quite a *shatter‡* of a hotel in the *Fox-burg San German*, 'tis so *Rokoko*, and so *destingy*, and so quite *à-la-lux*, in all the *sallos* and *mew-bells*,§ as to outshine all the

\* Query, United States —P.D. ‡ Château.—P.D.

† Jackson.—Ed.

§ Meubles.—P.D.

*shatters* of hotels in Paris. The *jinral* has fifty *helps*, all in *dashy* gold and red, and *blue* and *wight regiment-tails*. The *helps* here are called *dum-mystics* and *walee dee plass*, and *fam de shamber*.

“The *jinral* has also *lou’d* a grand *Dam Frenzy*.\* And it’s this Madame *La Markeys* makes all the *hinwitashuns*, which does away with all danger of *hinwiting* any but the *bo-mond*, and secures all the *hair-stock-rats*.

“Last *wick*, at the *jineral’s* grand ball and *soupy*,† all the *horange-trees* that grows *hin boxes* in *Parry*, was hired to *perfumerate* and *hoderiferate* the *sallos*, and all the *bo-tea* ‡ and *stockratcy* of *Parry* was at the *bal* and *soopy*.

“I sent you *Galley-Gananey’s*§ *newspepper*, which gives a most *brilleyant jography* of this *here grand route* of the *jineral’s*, and gives the names of all the *hair-stock-rats* that were there. You will see amongst ’em—first, your *hum-bell sarvant* Madame *Swamp*, and *ma-fille*

\* Query, Dame Française.— ‡ Beauté.—P.D.  
P.D.

§ Query, Galignani’s.—P.D.

† Query, Soupé.—P.D.

the *beeuty-fool Mamsell* Angioletta Swamp,—second, the *Duck and Dutchess of Smotherland*,\* and the *Duck and Dutchess de Brawley*,† the *Humbassadur* and *Humbassadress of Dangletear*, and ten thousand more. The *Nighted States Humbassadur*, that's *Jineral Mee-shee-gan*, wouldn't go,—he said *Jineral Hedge* was too *hairy-stock-radical*.

“Now after the *jineral*,—mind I don't mean Hickory, nor *Mee-shee-gan*, but Hedge,—I must send you smart news about the *Toolereys*, and *Luy Feelup*, and the Quin, Madame *Addlehead*,‡ and *Klimenteen*, and *Maree*, and the Ducks of *Horlines*, and *Ney-moor*, and *Gin-vile*, and *Mopanseer*; but my despatch won't leave more room for our other *Nighted States hairy-stock-rats*, than for to say, that the *Royal* be the most universal *ami-belle* family in all *Kristentom*,§ and purtiklar purlite to *Nighted States city-sense*, for all that old fellow Hickory has been sayin in his vulgar *Tinny-see*|| message to *Kongresse*.¶

\* Sutherland.—P.D.

† De Broglie.—P.D.

‡ Adelaide.—P.D.

§ Christendom.—P.D.

|| Tennessee.—P.D.

¶ Congress.—P.D.

“At the grand recepshun wen the *Karnywall* began’d, I was hintroduced to the Quin. I was in a sharmant *destingy* dress of red and white striped satan silk, with silver stars on blew ground, just like glorious Nighted States flag. I looked so sharmant and *man-knee-fick*; and the Quin say’d she was, ‘*by-ang haze de me voir*,’ and I said, ‘*Shespear voter mashestea port by-ang*,’ and I then bended, and then went on. The ball and soopy at the Toolerys was terribly smart, but too long for my despatch, so I will send you one again about it.

“Now come the *Jelowsees*, I don’t mean the *vindo-blinds*, but the *Nighted States Jelowsees*.

“The first *Jelowsee* was Madame Fountain’s. I do’sint kondesend to know her,—cas, *oh-dit* shees daarter of Gabriel Girt, the saddeler, wot leeves near Bostown, but now shees *marred*\* auld Fountain, who is so *gosh*,† and so rich, shee takes sich airs on hir, and *pukers* her wolgar mouth so, that I’ll be *tarred*, *feathered*, and *carded* if I dosen’t send you a kuriosity;

\* Married.—P.D.

† Gauche.—P.D.

and so here go's you, old Girt's darter's two last *cards*."

The cards, beautifully embossed and gilt, were enclosed in the letter, and now handed round the room. On one, flourishingly engraved, were the following :

"Madame Fountain will be at home  
on Monday 29th Decr., Thursday  
29th January, and on Wednesday  
28th February.

"Paris, Place de la Fontaine,  
29th Nov., 183—."

On the other the same announcement in French. The despatch then went on as follows :

"Then she had the *haut-dossity* to send *hinwites* to two *balls-kostumy*.

"To the first most all the *hinwited* went,—but wat do you think, she turned from her salo, the most respectablest that was *haxed*, the deer good Wealths of Karolina, has the deer old folks were not *kostumeyed*. I should not wonder if this woad in the end make ould Fountain a bankrip. He never had sich a friend as the

Wealths ; and from my heart I pray the Fountains were *bank-rips*, if it was only to humyliate ould Gabriel Girt's darter.

“ But I'm goin' to *stonehush*\* your *wick-minds*. For the second hinwitation to Madame Fountain's *bal-kostumy*, we contrived to get the list of hinwitations,—so we *man-hatched* to send this here following *billy-doo* to every universal *hynwited* person.

“ ‘ Madame and Mo-seer Fountain *regrate* that they are *depryved* of the honer and pleasure of seeing their friends on Monday 28th February, in consequence of Madame Fountain's premature *akoushment*.’

“ So we *kontrywed* to keep ould Fountain and his flirt of a wife up half the night, waiting for a grand terribly smart party *kostumey*, for company, who never *kommed*, but who all sent next day to enquire how Madame Fountain was *arter* her *akoushment*.

“ I can say no more at *prisint* bout our *jea-*

\* *Query*, Astonish.—P.D.

*lousees mong Nighed States folks, than that Tippetty Selfage, who they says was only a commissioner for buying lion's silks to send to New York, gives grand routes; most as grand as Jineral Hedge's. They says, that's the Fountain says, if Tippetty goes on so, he'd be a Bank-rip; and Tippetty says, that if the Fountains go's on so, with their Ball kostumey's they'll be Bank-rips, and have to go to Passy.\* And Madam Fountain goes about agin every where and talks jealowsee about Jineral Hedges, and says the Duck and Duchess of Smotherland, and the Great British and French Stock-rats, only went to laugh at the Hedges haudosity and vulgarity. I thinks there's something of truth in this jeloowsee, for the Frinch and Hinglish Stock-rats, never asks the Hedges back.*

“So my *despatch* is *feeld* up, and never no more at *prisint* from your loving *cousine*,

“THALIA LAURA CONSTANTIA EVE SWAMP.

\* Query.—To live at Passy, which is often the retirement of those who have overlived their incomes at Paris; or, *passé gone-by*.—EDITOR.

“*Parry Roo Revoly,*

“Numero 32, *Ossgond.*

“jist looking over the Too-lereys.

“P.S. I had nerely forgot that there *his* a great scandal flying about Madam Ditch and a *Count Fako-Rosh,\** a *French nobleman*, but I think ’tis all a *jelowsee* from the Fountains.”

So ended Mrs. Swamp’s despatch, and never was sermon of itinerant preacher, in woody wild, more attentively listened to.

On turning round who should Playfair see near him, but the celebrated Dr. Profundus. “What ridiculous follies those citizens, who make a rapid fortune in America, commit on visiting Europe!” said he. “Happily they form only a portion of the ostentatious, in our commercial towns, and none of the real social *stamina* of the United States,—that is, our agricultural population.”

“How ridiculous,” continued he, “has that woman, Mrs. Philog, become, in consequence of her visit to Europe! I recollect her, a very discreet, modest girl, when her father, a thrifty

\* *Query*, Fouque de la Roche.

man, kept a profitable grocery store. He left on his death, to the Philogs, the wealth which has turned their heads.

“What a crazed fool that Mrs. Swamp now in Paris, must have become as her ‘*despatch*,’ which she terms the illiterate scrawl just read, proves.

“I also recollect her a pretty, timid, and virtuous maiden. She has married a man, they say, worth more than a hundred thousand dollars. That wealth has also sent them travelling, and has certainly fermented the weak woman’s brains.”

## CHAPTER XI.

## JONATHAN AND JOHN BULL'S BOUNDARY.

" 'Tis strange that such difference should be,  
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

THE arrival of a new guest always excited curiosity at Liberty Hall ; a traveller had just entered, who, whether good or bad, seemed to Playfair one in whom there was something worth the knowing.

He was clad in the homespun cloth of the country, and he stalked into Liberty Hall, with a large fur cap on his head, and huge gray woollen stockings drawn over his boots and over his trousers, up to the middle of his thighs. He was a Down-Easter, and a *genuine* Yankee

politician. General Jackson; the misunderstanding with France; the Bank; the Boundary question; the Indian war in Florida; the seizure of Texas; and the (to be prepared) message of the President to the approaching congress, afforded ample materials for speculation.

On being established in one of the dormitories described in a former chapter, and dining afterwards at the *table d'hôte*, he made his appearance in the drawing-room. He was a man to whom silence was as great a punishment as solitary confinement and no work in one of the penitentiaries. After some desultory talk his eye caught the look of Playfair, to whom he advanced, by saying,

"Vell, square, it ain't no use not to tell you who I be."

"I shall be very happy to know," said Playfair.

"Well, I guess; I ain't *no-committal man*,"\*

\* The *non-committal men*, are remarkably numerous in the United States; they are those who do not *commit themselves*, by giving frank opinions for or against any party, or any par-

I be's Christopher Columbus purity, of Purityville, justice of peace, *Kernal* of Purityville meleeshar, and keeper of *Loco-foco* tavern; goin' slick to Washington to smash down the boundary question. Now, square, that I'm arter kapeetulatin all my tytells, name and professhuns, I calculates fur ceevil explanifications and hopinions, on all politicks, as yir an ould Englander, I guess?"

"Yes, colonel," replied Playfair, "I am from old England, and feel very desirous to know whatever relates to the politics of the United States."

"Why, square, that be a *creation* lot of stuff, and would take a tarnation spell to tell."

"But, colonel" said Playfair, evading the boundary question; "how are you likely to arrange the misunderstanding with France?"

"Why, square, I guess 'tis considerably more than a misunderstanding! Vee, United States citizens, hunderstands it, I guess, as clear as the *hoshun* at Sandyhook. Now, square, to

ticular denomination of religion; but who in all those matters, usually follow the crowd.

explainify.—Suppose all my pigs at Purityville, what goes to fatten on beech-nuts, in Beechwood-common,\* were all to be snapped up on the way by Major Jehosaphat Graspall's helps, jist kaze Major Graspall, who be'es the only citizen but me that keeps pigs and tavern in Purityville, had a notion that no pigs but his'n had a right to fatten in Beechwood-common; and jist kaze I didn't square politicks wid him: and 'spose Major Graspall's helps *crucified* and salted and barrelled my pigs, and sold 'em to Ginerall Feed, who buys all the pork for pervishuning the *South Hoshun Nantuckers*,† an' that Major Graspall pit all the dollars he got into his'n own count at the Purityville bank; would not United States Supreme Court, then put all to rights again—quite slick, I guess! and give judgment,—that Major Graspall snapped up all *Kernel* Purity's pigs, going to the common, which is free to all the universal creation, jist as if they com'd with never no

\* *Common*, in America, or lands attached for common purposes to a town, is often covered with the original forest.

† South Sea whale-fishing ships.

leafe to smash up Major Graspall's 'nown beech-nuts, and consikintly, Major Graspall must *shill* out back all the dollars and hinterest and damages to Kernel Purity, and keep *nu-thing* but a whole creation full of disgrace for his 'known self, and for all his *helps*. Now, square, I calculates that Bonyparty was jist *sich* an other tarnal pirate as Major Graspall, and that the United States citizen's ships sailing over the universal *hoshun* were considerably pretty much like my pigs going to Beechwood-common, and that Bony's helps, were pretty much like Major Graspall's helps, considerable villing for a creation lot of bad jobs."

"Your comparisons are strong and striking, colonel."

"Vy, square, I am considerably 'termined to make im a tarnel sight more strong and striking, fur as soon as I shakes *paws* wid the 'OULD HERO,\* venn I gets to the *vite house*, I intends to tell the ould hero to pit a volcano

\* General Jackson, for whom "' Ould Hero," and "Gine-ral," are the usual terms. Every greasy or bony hand who likes, grasps the president's, at his residence, the White House, Washington.

hinto his message, that will blow up hall France, if the *parley-voos* don't shill out *slick* the *carry-handy-seed*\* hinterest and hall, 'cept the tarnel disgrace, which all creation will leafe wid the mounseers, for a heverlasting memorial of tryin to *chuck* over the United States."

"But do you think, colonel, that the president's message will, by any threats in it against France, make that nation pay the money which all the world believes is due to the United States."

"Vy, square, I calculates so : for I hintends that the volcanor, that the 'ould hero' is to be arter pitting into his message vill be hall but a declaration of war !"

"You don't actually wish to go to war then, colonel !"

"Vy, not hex-ackly, square—cauze it might help the nullifyers in nullifying the whole United States Union."

"War would not then be popular," observed Playfair."

"In Massachussetts and New York, and

\* Coriander seed, a Yankee term for money.

*Pencill-fanny*, and away *heast* in Main,” replied Purity, “ ’tisn’t not at hall poplar to go to *rail* war : ’tis never only poplar, to speechify about war at taverns, elections, and meleeshuring meetings, venn the youngsters and patriots have had *lashuns* of switchel and callibogus :\* then war and privateering is tarnashun poplar.”

“ But, colonel,” resumed Playfair, “ if France should declare war against the United States, what would be the consequence ?”

“ Vy, square, our mileeshar wid konker France, and the United States navy wid take all the parley-voo’s navy and traders hinto Maine, and hinto Boston and New York, as prizes—”

“ That, colonel, would be popular,” observed Playfair.

“ Oh ! I guess so ! ’twould be creation poplar over all the universal States.”

“ But, colonel, suppose the French fleets arrived in the Southern States, landed their troops

\* *Callibogus*, a mixed drink, consisting of rum, molasses, and spruce beer.

among your slave population and induced them to revolt, what would be the consequence?"

"Vy, square, that's a considerable creation of a question to answer; and as I never talks about *niggers*, but I feels a bit *non-committal* crawling over me, I guess 'tis better to *halt-dress* where our mileeshar conquered France, and the United States navy made prizes of all the parley-voo's ships.—"

"I am quite content that you should," assented Playfair.

"But, square, spose we goes smash at the boundary question?"—said Christopher Columbus Purity.

"I do not exactly understand what you mean," remarked Playfair.

"Hinderstans ! Vy, smash slick into New Brunswick, and drive all the Britishers out; down north-west as we chased the Mexicans south-west out of Texas," said Christopher Columbus Purity as if he not only had discovered, but conquered a new world.

"That is a question of war," observed Playfair, smiling significantly.

“Vy, square, tarnashun seize me if I be not going slick to congress to demand one or tother, all disputed territory for Maine, or *rail* war wid England.”

“Your expedition,” observed Playfair, in a goodnatured tone, “will not probably be very successful; not only will you find Mr. Van Buren, but the members of congress generally, from all I hear, averse to hostilities with England.”

“Square, you be a Britisher, and it be no manner of calculation to make explanification wid you, but I guess, if Van Buren and Congress don’t go to *rail* war for disputed territory, state of Maine will,” concluded Purity, as he turned away with something looking very much like contempt for *Britishers*.

In Liberty Hall there happened to be two views of the Boundary question, as there usually are of every other subject in dispute.

No sooner had Purity left Playfair, than Bagster, whom we have already introduced, came up to him, saying,—

“Squire, that be’es a democrat, go-*whole*—

*hog-ahead Down Easter—I be practical log-cabin go-aheader."*

He then informed Playfair that he had failed in trade, in the state of Maine, where he at one time had several mills on the river Schoodic; but with a full share of the adventurous Yankee spirit, and with no attachment to any locality or country, except that which offered the widest scope for his active enterprising propensity, he *tramped* forth five years ago; and, in his *rummaging*, came on a tract of land, in New Brunswick, then covered with heavy wood, and it having a powerful *mill-privilege*, and the further eminent advantage, in a Yankee's estimate, of there being no settlers on the river within at least ten miles, he accordingly *squatted*, that is, without grant or licence took possession, and commenced levelling the forest. His capital, at the time, consisted of two axes, two saws, and some necessary edge-tools, a month's provisions, and not one dollar in money.

"I have now," said he, "more than three hundred acres under cultivation, growing wheat, Indian corn, pumpkins, potatoes, clover, and

grass,—a large flock of sheep, horses, several yokes of oxen, milch cows, swine and poultry. A big dwelling-house, smart furniture, *handsome* wife, *lots of* boys and girls, and a great lot of helps—two houses for the helps, grog store, general store, a forge with a powerful trip-hammer, fulling-mill, grist-mill, and two saw-mills,—all turned by water. Near these, I have a building which be a house for school, or meeting-house for any preachers who come by,—all one to me whether he be British parson, Catholic priest, Presbyterian minister, or Methodist preacher,—each gets something to eat at my house, and the chapel to preach in.”

Bagster could little more than read and write,—his manners were unpolished, but not rude; yet he had wonderful tact or address, and, as far as related to his own pursuits, quick powers of perception, invention, and application. His discrimination and judgment were of a capacious order,—a man of strong moral as well as physical courage, he laughed at difficulties, and wanted only a different education to have made him a Franklin or a Jackson.

Such men of Anglo-Saxon race abound in the New World, they are the *pioneers* who penetrate, and prepare for civilization the, to all others, indomitable wilds of the west.

He detailed to Playfair how he raised large crops, ground his own corn, manufactured the flax he cultivated, and the wool of his sheep, into coarse cloths; sold the provisions which his farm produced, and rum and British goods, to the lumberers;—kept a tavern, employed lumberers in the woods, and received also timber in payment for whatever he sold. He had the axes and other tools required by the lumberers, made at his forge. He ate, gambled, and associated with his own labourers, and all others who made his house a kind of rallying-point for business or fun. He was frequently obliged to take large credits, amounting to several thousands, from the merchants who supply the lumberers. After thus describing things in detail, he wound up by saying to Playfair,

“Now, squire, as new comers never know nothing about clearing woods and town-making, I am going to sell Bagster town, with lands, houses,

mills, tavern, lumber, cattle, every thing to the New Brunswick Land Company, which I calculates will make 'em progress right smartly."

"I am surprised," remarked Playfair, "that you can reconcile yourself to part with a property you have rendered so valuable by such extraordinary perseverance and labour."

"Why, squire, that is the cause I wants to sell ; I likes never not to go on *slick* progressing, I likes to be a back settlement *pioneer*, wid none ahead on me. The folks in America marry so young, and populate for all the world like a multiplication table. The lumber ships, and packet ships too, carry out new comers plaguy thick, so that all the lands from Rustigouche to Schoodic, will be settled slick as lightning. To be certain, squire of another chance of going ahead, I have jist taken possession of three mill privileges, and lots of timber, fifty miles above any one, up the Tobique."

"Very prudent," said Playfair.

"Them State of Maine fellors," continued Bagster, "be mighty smart go-aheaders, and

may be will *sneak out*\* that genuyne British territory. Now, squire, tell the British lady queen you've now for president, that them Maine chaps are terrification in talking war, but in real slantindicular war, they knows only to gouge and gander-pluck:

“Now, squire, though most folks may think that I be pretty much looking only arter mine own go-aheading, I'm in block and heart† proud of being a real Britisher. I knows more, squire,—I knows that there be good honest citizens in all New England and South of Maine who *calculates war* wid Old England wid bankruptize all the universal credit from Boston to Balize, and from Michigan to New Orleans.”

“How,” asked Playfair, “do you make out that *war* would be so disastrous?”

“Why, squire,” he replied, “you must know it's *universal credit* as well as *universal suffrage* in them here States all over. British goods

\* A Yankeeism for *worming slyly* into possession, or into a discovery.—ED.

† *Query*, Head and heart.—P.D.

are bought on credit in England, and sold on credit in United States; towns, mills, canals, railroads, sailing-ships, steam-boats, South Sea expeditions, and the *nigger* trade, are all built and made, and fitted out, and bought and sold, and carried on by credit."

"Extraordinary!" said Playfair.

"Not at all," continued Bagster, "in a nation where they marry and populate and progress on credit. Now," he continued, "United States citizens knows it slick, every one of them, that *war* would ruinate all this universal credit, and paper bills, would, I guess, be worth not a quarter as much as old continental money.—Why squire, if it were *war*, I would not give a copper cent for a Yankee paper dollar."

"But explain, if you please," asked Playfair, "the way in which war would cause this sudden destruction of credit."

"Why you know, squire, that *war* would stop the running of all them dashing *liner* packets that go back and for'ards between Boston, New York, Philadephia, Charleston,

Baltimore, Savannah, New Orleans, and other places and Old England.

“War, squire, would *nihilate* the markets in England for tobacco and cotton and rice, and other United States produce. Then you know, squire, that no Yankee, or York or Virginia, or other States bills would be worth a cent in England, and when no States bills would be cashed in England, I guess United States markets, and United States credit, and the ships and the *nigger business*, would all go *universal smash*.”

“That would be ruin, indeed !” said Playfair.

“I calculates so,” replied Bagster ; “and so, squire, tell the smart, spry, miss lady Queen and British government not to be *afeard* of war, and not to give one acre, or one tree, or one mill privilege of disputed territory to State of Maine folks ; if the lady queen and the government do’s, tell them they will be plaguy sorry for taking any such pains to keep peace with Jonathan.”

“Is the disputed territory, then, of such great value ?” said Playfair.

“Value !” said Bagster, staring at Playfair.

“Why, squire, did ever any *crittur* know Jonathan to *smell* and *snake* after what wasn’t of value: I guess not!”

“That is likely enough,” said Playfair, “and therefore, the disputed territory is no doubt valuable.”

“Why, squire,” replied Bagster, evidently having a very cordial interest in the question, “disputed territory has more than seven millions of the best acres for growing Indian corn, wheat, potatoes, turnips, and pumpkins, in all America; it has pine and spruce, and all sorts of hard wood timber, and mill privileges, and rivers, and coal and iron, and mill and grindstones without end:—I calculates that’s value for Jonathan to *smell* and *snake* out.”

“Certainly,” said Playfair.

“But, squire, that’s not all, nor half all: suppose you give that territory to Jonathan, you take it from England, and then I guess you may christen it *North Texas*, and slick as lightning it will be filled up with *Yankee-go-a-headers*, for more than two hundred miles further down than Quebec, which will chop in two all British America.”

"That," said Playfair, "would I fear be attended with serious consequences."

"I guess, squire, it does not require much ciphering to calculate that. It was only all plain addition and multiplication and rule of three direct, to cipher that the Anglo-Saxon-Yankee-go-headers, would drive them there Mexican *critturs* out of Texas.

"Why, squire, the Anglo-Saxon-Yankee-go-headers cannot for all the world stop going ahead. No! I guess not. They commenced at the beginning to go *slick-ahead*; that was the way they drove all them *Indian critturs* afore them, so that they be now all, that is the few *Indian critturs* that rum and powder and smallpox hasn't *ax-tinguished*, far t'other side of Mississippi."

"That is indeed true," said Playfair.

"True, squire; yes, as true as' Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; and by pumpkins, squire, as progressing goes on so fast, there will be no more room in Texas, and then the go-headers will drive them *Mexican critturs* slick out of Mexico. I tell you, squire they will

never have done going ahead. They will drive all them 'ere other *Spanish* and *Portuguese critturs* out of all South America, and then they will go on aheading west, until they come round east, *nihilating* all them *critturs* in Japan, and China, and Russia, and Turkey, and Palestine, and Egypt, and all other *critturs*, till the *total* world is one universal nation of Anglo-Saxons. That's what I calculates by ciphering."

"Extraordinary arithmetic!" said Playfair.

"All rule of three direct, squire," said Bagster, "and so tell your miss lady queen president that if she gives up disputed territory to the Yankee-Anglo-Saxons the ciphering by rule of three direct will be:—If South Texas : gives Mexico and South America to Jonathan : North Texas (that is disputed territory) will give Nova Scotia, and all British America to the Yankee-Anglo-Saxon go-aheaders."

## CHAPTER XII.

### ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL.

“The storm without might roar and rustle  
Tam cared not for the storm a whistle.”

PLAYFAIR having made up his mind to remain some weeks longer at New York, arranged at some expense for a separate sitting-room with a good fire place and necessary furniture. As to attendance he found there was some difficulty; but this was also managed to his satisfaction. One of the landlady's daughters having offered to attend and *help* Captain Playfair to whatever he required. This is not uncommon in the United States, however strange it may appear in Europe. These pretty maidens, the landladies'

daughters in America, are, without exception, virtuous and unsuspicious, and ill befall the man who would take advantage of their innocence, beauty, and simple ideas.

On this as well as on others of deep interest and curiosity, Playfair had always found good information from Dr. Profundus.

“While travelling in America,” observed Profundus, (when *intelligenteering* Playfair in the knowledge which he considered useful), “you will probably be attended by the daughters of the landlords. Remember that these simple maidens are held quite in as high regard, and make as respectable marriages as the daughters of our merchants. Their fathers usually keeping an inn only as a very secondary object of gain, and as much from the circumstance of possessing a house in a convenient situation in a street, or by a road, as from any particular choice as to gain. Not that profit is neglected. To secure convenient travelling, and the usual comforts of inns, you must show a certain degree of deference to the prejudices which the landlords and landladies of America may en-

ertain; and should the pretty maidens who attend you at table, sit down by you in the same room, neither attribute it to want of modesty, nor to an impertinent presumption, as not a few, to their own discomfort, of your fellow-countrymen have done."

This was sound advice, and Playfair was the last man on earth not to practise it.

On the day which succeeded the evening on which Barnaby Bagster had adjusted the boundary question, and the disputed territory, in the manner related in the last chapter, Playfair walked after dinner down to the Battery Point, and after viewing sea and shipping, returned to Liberty Hall. He met Bagster at the bar, and as usual said, "Well, Squire Bagster, what news this evening?"

Why, squire, not much, packet's arrived from New Brunswick, and Maine State, but not much news, I guess; only Jonathan Lust, the Methodist preacher, has been caught queer with old Jacob Furstler's darter, and he's run slick out of the province bragging how he's done the folks. I calculated he'd do so; for I knowed him

when he was a lawyer, and the tarnationest rogue 'mong all the *willans* at Machias."

Playfair merely observed, "There is iniquity in all countries," and then walked to his room, where he found, as he had requested, a bright blazing fire in the chimney, and wheeling round the sofa, sat, or rather reclined on it, to enjoy the cheering warmth, for, without, it blew as keen a frosty north-wester as ever shaved the chin of a Yankee. The landlady's daughter having brought him up the usual ingredients to make a glass of good punch, and a couple of those biscuits called "crackers," she courtesied respectfully, said modestly, "Squire, please any thing more?"—wished him "a very good night," and retired.

Playfair had bought during the day several newspapers, and extending himself on the sofa, read Yankee politics, glanced at advertisements, and sipped his punch. A *knock! knock! knock!* at his door, broke in upon his revery, and rising and opening the door, who to his astonishment stood there, but the most entertaining of men, Major Macpherson, one of Playfair's fellow-passengers across the Atlantic.

After the usual ejaculations, and "How do ye do's," of surprise and pleasure, the major said he had just arrived from New Brunswick, where he and Playfair last parted, that he had secured a berth or chamber in Liberty Hall, on the same floor as that of his friend Playfair.

In utter defiance of Temperance Societies, our glorious friends sat down; the fire before them, the table edged in between them, cigars, old Jamaica, lemons, sugar, and water, were ordered and brought; these ingredients, the major, who was an experienced adept in the just proportion, transformed into the most delicious punch that ever was, or that ever shall be, drunk, until the same hand commingles those most contradictory elements.

With a bright coal fire burning before them; at least two quarts of the said punch in a huge bowl; and each with a dozen of as odoriferous Havannahs, as were ever smuggled by a Bermudian or Yankee, snug comfort and social converse were now fully enjoyed by our naval and military heroes.

The Mussulman may be blest with his Houries

in his seven Paradises ; and if there be an eighth for soldiers and sailors, Macpherson and Playfair would not have wished their mansion formed, heated, furnished, or replenished, more to their taste than the apartment in which they now in goodly arm-chairs sat, under the roof of Liberty Hall.

The subjects of their conversation for six goodly hours, and some of the major's adventures, we will take a future opportunity of introducing.

In the meantime it becomes necessary, in illustration of the scenes and characters introduced in these pages to give some account of Playfair, and of his fellow-passengers, in the ship which carried them across the Atlantic.

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHICH GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF HUGO PLAYFAIR, AND OF HIS FELLOW-PASSENGERS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

“ So on I ramble, now and then narrating,  
Now pondering ;—’tis time we should narrate :  
Now we’ll get o’er the ground at a great rate.”—BYRON.

“ Some gaed east, and some gaed west,  
And some gaed to the crow’s nest.”—*The Bairns Rhymes.*

PLAYFAIR and Macpherson crossed the Atlantic in a packet-ship bound for Boston, from whence they intended to proceed in the first case either to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

Their fellow-passengers were, a Captain Sir Daniel O’Dougherty, a gallant son of Erin,

going to join his regiment in Canada ; Major Lachlan Macpherson, one of the most laugh-provoking officers who ever “ set a mess-table in a roar ;” a melancholy man named Hawkins, who jumped overboard and was drowned during the passage,—and his wife a lovely, beautiful, young woman ; a Mr. Sanderson, who was a political economist, accompanied by his wife, and a boy their son ; a Miss Adams, a beautiful young American lady in whose constitution there existed the elements of premature dissolution, so fatal to the fair of Massachusetts, and who, accompanied by her brother, was returning from a tour in Europe ; a Mr. Sheffield, who accompanied a quantity of his father’s cutlery to exchange for gold in the New World, and sundry steerage passengers, handicraft men, and labourers, who had heard or dreamed of an American *El-dorado*.

Instead of arriving at Boston, the ship was driven by distress into the Bay of Fundy, and the passengers landed at the port of St. John. Of this landing and separation, Playfair gives the following account :

“Our luggage and other travelling impediments being landed, the passengers, rather than wait to go by sea to Boston, separated, and in a few days went on their several ways, as prudence, necessity, or inclination determined.

“Sheffield alone remained in the city of St. John, where he hired a shop, and forgot seasickness and ‘swallowing a whale,’ in the profitable occupation of vending razors, knives, thimbles, needles, pins, and other small gear.

“Mr. Sanderson, with his wife and son, proceeded to Fredericton, in order to put his *theories* in practice amidst the backwoods. All, however, with whom he talked contended obstinately that the *doctrines of Malthus*, on which Mr. Sanderson had delivered a *most physical lecture* during a *table-d’hôte* dinner, were utterly inapplicable to America, and especially to New Brunswick, Kentucky, and Upper Canada. All at the same time agreed that he spoke *mighty clever*, and would make a *universal smart preacher*.

“Captain Sir Daniel proceeded by the route of Madawaska and Timouskata, to join his regi-

ment, and, as he said, to keep down rebellion in Canada.

“Major Macpherson sent his chattels by the steam-boat up the river to the seat of government; and then, with a small knapsack strapped behind, and his double-barrelled gun over his shoulder, crossed the St. John below the rapids, and set off on foot, through the forest, along the Neripis road.

“His chief object was to visit a retired *loyalist* general, who had long been carrying on destructive havoc in levelling the almost indomitable forest, trapping bears, and shooting *loup-cerviers*. The major carried no introduction, but concluded that his rank and name were sufficient passports to the general’s hospitality.

“Mrs. Hawkins left St. John’s immediately on landing, by the packet for the town of Annapolis in Nova Scotia. Of that lady’s views we were, however, all ignorant. Mystery still enveloped her condition; but it was impossible not to think that there was much of the painful and interesting in the story of one so young and

beautiful,—so pensively resigned to her isolated condition, and so silent in regard to herself and the circumstances of her late husband.

“Miss Adams, who, although there were scarcely grounds to hope that the germs of early decline were eradicated, had gained strength during the voyage, and parted with her brother by land for their native town of Springfield in Massachusetts. Good, beautiful, being! she inspired feelings of tenderness and love, which resuscitated the associations of early days, when my young heart throbbed with sympathies, the ardour and poetry of which, years, and a life spent mostly on seas or in wilds, have long since tranquillized, but not extinguished.

“I cannot describe the interest I entertained for Miss Adams. The days of love’s dreams are surely over with me, and I may say with the French poet,

“Si vous voulez que j’aime encore,  
Rendez-moi l’âge d’amour.”

“I promised that if ever I came within a hundred miles of her father’s dwelling, I would

travel those miles to see her. We parted unwillingly,—deploring the worldly circumstances which separate—probably for this life, not, I trust, in the next—those who, for even a transient acquaintance, are mutually delighted. Often during my wanderings has it been my lot to part, at the termination of a voyage, journey, or temporary residence, with those whose acquaintance charmed, instructed, and delighted me: such is the fate of travellers,—on whatever road,—whether in the *calm tenour of the common path of life*, or on the great highway of public intercourse, or on that dread mysterious road by which we take our final departure, on our journeying from this world to another. That all who are lovely, or good, or great,—the most beloved and the most loving,—must alike,—whether the voyage or journey be long or short, submit to part, is, indeed a painful truth. We cannot, however, while our heart retains the more amiable sympathies, and weaknesses, cherish the idea of never meeting again in our earthly wanderings; nor while hope, charity, and ra-

tional religion exist, abandon the expectation of reacquaintance in some unknown future condition. It is these sympathies,—these hopes,—this belief, that alone impart bright rays to the otherwise *mysterious future*.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH HUGO PLAYFAIR GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

“ Truth is always strange—  
Stranger than fiction ; if it should be told,  
How would novels gain from each exchange.  
If some Columbus of the moral seas  
Would show mankind their soul's Antipodes.”

IN order to make the reader acquainted with the characters introduced in these pages, some account of Playfair and Macpherson will, as we have already said, now appear necessary. On his departure for America, Playfair notes down the following sketch of himself, that

“ Being,” says he, “from my childhood influenced by the spirit of inquiry, or what a cele-

brated phrenologist tells me is *acquisitiveness*,\* and it being so ordered that I should wander long and far from the home of my forefathers, I believe that however unimportant the chapter of a man's career may be, its incidents are always worth recording, were it only 'to talk with our past hours.' I have, in consequence, and in pursuance of the sage advice of my late uncle, who was a great traveller, lugged along with me whithersoever I went, a thick quarto, every leaf of which was immaculate as the moon, on the day I received the blessings of my parents, when leaving their threshold for the deck of a '*man-of-war*.'

"In this book I noted down the leading occurrences that came under my observation. Its pages are now closely filled up; and several good natured spinsters, who are delighted with my stories, tell me that my folio manuscript really forms a most valuable and curious

\* Not according to Spurzheim, but agreeably to the interpretation of a *manipulist* in the Strand to a lady rather inclined in every way to *gather gear*. The Frenchman gallantly told her, that her organ of *acquisitiveness*, denoted great ardour for acquiring a knowledge of the world.

*omnium gatherum*, which I must publish as soon as the *non finalities* of the Reform Bill will spare the world time to read books that are good and true.

“To print it now, would be absolute madness. In short, my friends have even gone so far as to say that my relatives, if I have any, would be justified in applying for a commission of *lunatico inquirendo* (I think the lawyers call it), to secure from *waste* and *ruin*, my little income and savings, should I exhibit symptoms of being about to publish so true, instructive, and interesting a collection as my *omnium gatherum*, when the whole empire (according to the newspapers) from the royal palace, to the bog-trotter’s cabin, can no longer read, learn, or inwardly digest, any production that does not treat of reform or political economy.

“As I find myself neither gifted with the acuteness to see through, nor the ability to comprehend the subtleties of these difficult but no doubt *useful theories*, I am content with the *practice* that has hitherto served me. So grossly ignorant am I, in truth, of any sort

of economy, that all I can pretend to, only enables me to cater my half-pay as a commander in the royal navy, and a very small annuity (aided always by the benefit I derive from being a member of the United Service Club), so as to maintain my independence and respectability as becomes an *honest man*, and a *British officer*.

“ I had, until very lately, the honour of being styled Captain Playfair, R.N., but our service has got sadly into disrepute ; a *ship breeder*\* who had lately charge of our fleets, would have us all ‘ *shorn* of our honours :’ for it was communicated to me not long since, that from that *date* it would be considered little less than treason and a breach of the articles of war, to designate a *commander* in the British navy, according to the usual courtesy, *captain*.

“ Notwithstanding this regulation, for my spirits never were, nor ever shall be, of a temperature disposed to mingle with the vapors of sadness, I preserve my cheerfulness and good-nature, read the newspapers, maga-

\* *Query*.—Sheep breeder ?—PRINTER’S DEVIL.

zines, voyages, travels, and accounts of land and sea fights :—let what will come, I will not allow my *skull* to become a house of mourning, nor suffer any circumstance to annoy me—excepting always the loss of health or half-pay ; or an attack on my character, king, or country.\*

“ But like many others I have ‘ rested long, very long on my oars ;’ and idleness is the only evil that oppresses me. I have therefore turned to my *omnium gatherum*, with a view to publish it, for the instruction of his Majesty’s ministers, particularly the first lord, and all the lords of the Admiralty, and for the amusement of ladies, politicians and sailors ; but it was decided in a *full council of our club* :

“ That the ‘ *omnium gatherum*’ of Hugo Playfair, Esquire, Commander, R.N., is a *great log-book* ;

“ That a *log-book* is *infallibly* a *journal of facts* ;

“ That *facts* which relate to the *Ad-*

\* This, it must be observed was written just before the demise of William IV.

*miralty*, or to *British officers* who are *peers*, or the *sons natural* or *unnatural*, or *relations*, of *peers*, or of the *ministers' members of parliament*, cannot be published, as 'the act directs;'

"That the said Hugo Playfair, Esq., R.N., will not consent to cancel from his journal, some facts relative to the 'righteous business' at Copenhagen, the burning of Washington; the challenge sent (written on a merchantman's register), by an English post-captain to an American post-captain; and how the latter captured the frigate commanded by the former; nor his account of the water-casks, and other necessary articles (such as machines to make salt water fresh), sent for the naval service to the lakes of Canada; nor the affair at New Orleans; nor *sundry yard-arm hangings, floggings committed*, and *vessels strained and stranded*, by juvenile commanders, and post-captains; nor retrenchment by discharging old seamen and officers employed in the dock-yards: nor neglecting bravery, merit, and long

service, and promoting boys and young men, whose relations have held place and power.

“ This most honourable council therefore decrees, that if the said Hugo Playfair, Esquire, R.N., publisheth his ‘ *Omnium Gatherum*,’ his name will be struck out of the list of British officers, that he will fall under the especial displeasure of his Majesty’s Attorney-general, and that the club of which he has long been a distinguished and most honest but too great a *truth-speaking*, member, will be subjected to the wrath and vengeance of the Admiralty.”

“ This decision, therefore, has determined for the present, and probably as long as I live, but not after my death, the fate of my ‘ *Omnium Gatherum*.’

“ Agreeably, however, to the *council of all the talents of our club*, and the earnest desire of my venerable friends, the aforesaid spinsters, with whom (generous creatures) I often sip tea, and chatter gossip, I have consented to print only ‘ *Gleanings*’ from my Voyages and Travels.

“My friends, the spinsters, (who are judicious and experienced critics, or at least should be, for they were in their *teens* when I was winged at Copenhagen, and have ever since been eating, not digesting, novels, spelling the reviews, and feasting on all *Crim. con.* trials), declare that my ‘*Gleanings*,’ although delicious in all other respects, want, unfortunately, two of the most readable, saleable, and savoury accompaniments, *viz.* ‘lies and scandal.’

“I however differ, not only from them but from the world. I will dare to be out of fashion, and I will, therefore, send my ‘*Gleanings*’ forth (like my ‘*Omnium Gatherum*,’ when *heaven’s chancery has alone to deal with me*), as they were originally written, containing the truth, *not the whole truth*, yet nothing but the truth. In the arrangement only will I make any alterations, for in order to *cater* for the prevailing taste of the day, or month, some of the last will appear first, and the first last. Preliminary, however, to such contemplated and decided upon publication, and believing, as I do, that crossing the Atlantic, and visiting America will, at the pre-

sent time, engross more attention than an account of my capture by a Yankee privateer, or a desperate rencounter with South American patriots, I first intend to launch forth a most interesting account of an expedition, which I am going to make to the New World; and my heroic readers must, therefore, wait the publication of the ‘Gleanings’ from my ‘*Omnium Gatherum*,’ and afterwards of the *Opus Magnum* itself, if they live until then, before I can honestly tell them how we actually managed to defeat and capture the combined fleets of France and Spain;—bombarded Algiers—lost the Macedonian—captured the Chesapeake frigate—and committed the *untoward* crime of *destroying the Turkish fleet at Navarino*, in order to give the command of the *Dardanelles*, *not to the Sultan but to the Czar*.

“I will, meantime, note down facts about Imposters in Religion, Camp Meetings, Negro Slavery, rascally Attornies, and honest Sailors; and I will make John Bull correctly acquainted with Brother Jonathan, by gleaning the good as well as the bad, from the Notes I will have

taken in every state of the American Union. I will also introduce to English acquaintance, Mohawks, Micmacs, Algonquins, Cherokees, and Red Indians, and then leave my readers to decide—who are the greatest savages—the pale-faced Europeans, or the Red Hunters of the West.

“ I shall also tell ‘ *the something that is rotten in the State of Canada.*’

“ As the world will feel the usual curiosity to know who is the gleaner of such useful and amusing knowledge; and, as I am considered quite as goodnatured as an old Admiral, or my Uncle Toby, I may mention that I was born in a seaport town, in the north of Scotland, in the year 1785; that my parents were respectable, but not able to give me *a groat* to begin the world with.

“ My baptismal name is that of Hugo, and that of my family Playfair, but I claim no Scottish cousinship with great people.

“ I was religiously and morally brought up; yet I have never had the least pretension to what the Puritans and Evangelicals call piety,

and my morality *consisted* and *consisteth* in always endeavouring to ‘*do unto others, as I would have others do unto me.*’

“ My education, like that of most young men at that time in Scotland, was useful, not ornamental, for I never wrote a prize poem, or was taught *the positions* by a dancing-master; no, my instruction was limited, *first*, to that which has more than any other circumstance influenced whatever may be the defect of either, both my character and my conduct,—namely, *fireside instruction*—that of *parental tuition* and *example*; and, *secondly*, to that which has been useful to me in my profession and intercourse with the world, a plain grammar-school routine,—general history, arithmetic, and practical mathematics in all its branches, especially navigation and gunnery. I was also instructed in the elements of natural and experimental philosophy, astronomy, geology, mineralogy, mechanics, and the other useful sciences. On being well grounded in all that could be taught at school, relative to my intended life, I was removed to Edinburgh, where I attended college

for some time. My friends in that city having then had [some parliamentary influence, they promised to forward my views, and I soon afterwards entered as a midshipman on board a frigate then lying in Leith roads.

“ Since that period I have traversed oceans, cruised along the coasts of England, France, and Spain, the Mediterranean, Africa, America, the West Indies, and the inland seas of Canada. Nor have I been a stranger to bloody and desperate engagements, or to the climates of the Torrid Zone and frozen regions. I received my lieutenant’s commission as soon as *decency* on the part of the Admiralty *could permit*; and I was promoted several years after to the command of a sloop of war on the American station. I had then full hope of being posted, not as a coward, but to the command of a frigate. This justly entitled promotion I did not obtain. My uncle, who had long *sat and snored* in parliament, and who *always voted with the minister*, DIED. With him all my interest at the Admiralty vanished.

“ On returning to England I was *shelved* on

half-pay. I then visited Scotland; but as found that I had not in my native town any relations living, or any one else who knew or cared for me, I proceeded no farther than Edinburgh, where however I found myself a stranger, in the country that gave me birth. The great features of the scenery alone remained unchanged, but my feelings were in association with the fashions, the buildings, and the people, as I knew them a quarter of a century before: for I was absent exactly twenty-five years. I recognised a few houses that I formerly entered, as a welcome boy, and found them occupied by people to whom I was an utter stranger. I inquired about my uncle (not the traveller, for he died in London), but one to whom I owed little obligation,—a man of law, whom I recollected as a rich, stingy, bachelor, rather eminent in the labyrinths of Scottish jurisprudence. I was informed that he also slept with his fathers; that for some years he allowed his pretty cook, whom he promoted to the management of his household affairs, to acquire complete dominion over him,

and that a few weeks before his demise he married the wench, and left her his whole fortune. In less than a month she went to London, where a needy attorney *ferreted her out*, soothed her grief by giving her his hand in marriage, on her (in love, it was said, not believed) giving him the wealth, in accumulating which my uncle scarcely allowed himself, or those he employed, the common necessities of life.

“ I returned to London without making one acquaintance or discovering any person that I knew any thing of in Scotland. I remained in England, with the exception of a visit to France, a tour along the Rhine, and over Switzerland and Italy, for five years, with little hope of promotion, or of being again ordered on service.

“ An accidental circumstance requires my presence in America, for which I intend sailing in a few days from Liverpool. After my arrival in the western world, I am resolved to travel in order to gather information, and acquire some further practical knowledge of the land, as well as I already possess of *the sea* ;

by which laudable means I will add largely to my ‘*Omnium Gatherum*.’

“ I am now fifty-two years old, in good health, and a bachelor, I hope to remain so. A marriage after forty is generally folly on the part of the man, and little better than prostitution on the part of the woman, who marries a *broken down hull of mortality*—a *human Rococo*,—who might be taken for her grandfather; a too common occurrence in England. I will thus, at least, endeavour to avoid even the ridiculous suspicion of antlers finding root on my forehead; and rely on the experiment of driving away the blue devils, by talking with my past hours, and by reading and conversing with my brother officers and others.

“ My life has been full of adventure, and checkered with many hardships, several disappointments, and a few misfortunes; but it certainly has not been without satisfaction, and I hope usefulness. During the past, I believe I have also had my full share of enjoyment and happiness. On my return from the country of Brother Jonathan, I intend, with the exception

of spending a month or two each summer at Brighton, Dover, or the Isle of Wight, and perhaps a visit to Paris, where I have invaluable friends—that is, Sir Sydney and some brother officers, passing the rest of my days in London, where I may easily be recognised as a strongly-framed man of the middle size, with a weather-beaten face, and bereft of a limb, lounging somewhere near a spot, which in imitation of our club should have an united name—**TRAFALGAR AND WATERLOO PLACE.**”

## CHAPTER XV.

THE MAJOR'S STORY, OR LOGIC FOR EMI-  
GRATION.

“ I prithee, quoth my uncle Toby, inform me how this matter happened.”—T. SHANDY.

“ For law 's the wisdom of all ages,  
And managed by the ablest sages.”—HUDIBRAS.

WE have said, in a former chapter, that the causes which continue to people America with Europeans, would form a leading subject of Playfair's enquiries. We find him, now that he is on “ dry land,” giving the following account of the major :

“ Of all passengers,” says he, “ that ever crossed the seas, or marched to the battle-

field, Major Macpherson feared disasters the least, and enjoyed the present hour the most.

He was a compactly built Caledonian, about five feet nine inches high, with broad chest and shoulders, erect military gait, and about fifty years of age. He had a Bardolph nose, protruding from the most unquarrelsome face in the world, which blazed and blossomed in the full splendour of an expression that pronounced a long subsisting intimacy between the major and his well beloved friends, *whiskey toddy*, and *old Jamaica*. He had served in both the Indies, in North America, and the Peninsula; and, whether in the camp, at the mess-table, or on board a transport, he was, “ever and anon, the laugh-provoking life and soul of the social circle.” No man on earth could more readily “set the table in a roar,” and regardless whether “kings were great or not,” never, as many delighted spirits can attest, did Lachlan Mac Pherson, lose the proper opportunity of being “*glorious* !”

Let me not insinuate that he was otherwise than socially fond of Highland toddy, rum-

punch, and the social tube. No,—he loved the high inspiring bowl, and the curling whiff, only with his friends, and for all the combined pleasures of good fellowship.

He had lingered since the peace in London, eating a one-shilling-and-sixpenny dinner, and enjoying the evening amidst a knot of brother veterans in a snug room attached to a well-known eating establishment: where *chums* of both services love to meet, and where under the inspiration of mountain dew, and prime Havannah, many a gallant battle has been fought, and many a capital story told, three times over and over, and over again.

Unfortunately, economy was not among the number of the major's many virtues. What with his utter ignorance of calculation, and of political economy, not only lodging-house keepers and all with whom he had any money dealings, robbed him; but in his utter want of apprehension as to any, excepting the momentary, exigency, while he had a pound in his purse, the first, in need, was free to the half of it. His pay was consequently soon frittered away,

and at the end of ten years, he was, in various sums, at least five hundred pounds in debt.

About the same time a somewhat plausible, but ill-favoured person, by name Jonas Blackshark, used to frequent the same eating-house as the major, and as the latter was not very guarded as to his circumstances when talking with his brother veterans, the former, a limb of that infernal class of legal prowlers, called bill attorneys, soon became acquainted with the major's affairs, and then contrived to break into his conversation by taking his place and plate at the same table. After much plausibility he at length acquired the major's entire confidence, and engaged to relieve the latter from his annoying embarrassments. "Nothing," said Blackshark, "was more easy than raising money in London. The major had only to accept ten or twelve bills for fifty pounds each, payable at three or four months' date; and then instead of taking them up with money to renew them with other bills when due, two of the major's brother officers could have no honourable objection to write their names on

each of the bills, as it was a mere matter of form, and with these, he, Blackshark, would easily manage to relieve the major of the duns who pestered and insulted him.

The bills were accordingly drawn, accepted, and indorsed, and with those slips of paper, Blackshark conducted the major to the usury-shop of Mr. Micah Moses, a jeweller, in Cranbourne-alley, where it was arranged by the friendly advice of Blackshark, that Micah would discount the bills, twelve in number, of fifty pounds each, for which he was to give forty pounds in cash, abating therefrom, ten per cent. interest, and two per cent. for discount, on the amount of each fifty; also, Mr. Blackshark's commission for his civility in transacting the business, in all, a deduction from each forty pounds in cash of about eight pounds. The ten remaining pounds on each fifty it was agreed that the major should receive in jewelry, as Mr. Blackshark said that such was the custom, and that it was much easier if required to raise money on the jewelry than even on bills.

The major knowing nothing of interests, discounts, or commissions, the matter was at once settled as dictated by Blackshark. The former being perfectly contented, on thus magically receiving for twelve pieces of paper, a sum greater than he had ever before, since he paid for his first commission, had in his possession, which added to thirty pounds received for the one hundred and twenty pounds, *price-value* of jewelry, amounted in all to four hundred and fourteen pounds in cash.

The whole sum, however, soon vanished, in paying, the first bills demanded, and in lending, or rather giving to the first friend *in need*.

In a few months the bills became due; neither the major nor the endorsers were able to honour them. Blackshark (who had actually been the discounteer of the bills, and had merely allowed Micah for the loan of the money the usual interest and bank commission, and half the enormous profit, amounting to at least fifty per cent. on the jewelry), appeared to protest the bills and demanded money on the part of Micah, and other nominal holders.

“ He was much grieved ; it was impossible to renew the bills ; and his clients insisted on immediate payment. He (Blackshark), had no alternative but to act for his friend Micah.”

Half of the bills were then dishonoured : the others would fall due a month after. Six writs (one for each bill) were in the name of six nominal plaintiffs issued against each, the acceptor and endorsers of the bills, viz. the major and his two brother officers, eighteen writs in all.

The veterans were arrested while at dinner in “ *John O’Groats’* ” eating-house, and hurried, shillingless to a spunging-house in Chancery-lane. There they knew not what to do or say, and there for the night did they remain ; and, from having no money to pay down, they had neither light, nor meat, nor drink.

Although they had encountered all climates, and lived in camps, in the fields, and among savages, never did they spend so wretched a night as this, in health and strength, in the “ metropolis ” of the civilized British empire.\*

\* This horrible legalized tyranny ceases now happily to exist, except in cases of judgment being entered in court, or

The keeper who refused them any thing for breakfast, intimated that Blackshark might perhaps assist them:

“Any thing for liberty,” said the major and his friends, “we are guilty of no crime, and, *by Heavens!* is this the freedom that we fought Britain’s battles for; and sung and roared, in distant climes, ENGLAND, GREAT, GLORIOUS, AND FREE.”

Blackshark, who must have been near at hand, was sent for, and soon arrived. He looked grave, as usual, “regretted that they should have accepted and endorsed bills without having provided wherewith to pay them. He affected condolence, but said, “the case was still worse for his clients, whose credits would be ruined. He could not relieve them, and unless they could get bail, they must remain in custody.”

After much affected thinking, Blackshark where a man swears that another is going to leave the country, the latter may still be more barbarously incarcerated. Of all reforms that of law is most wanted in England. Under many absolute governments, Austria and Prussia for example, the practice of the law and the courts, is the perfection of justice, compared to both in England.—EDITOR.

said, "there was only one course, that he saw, if they could not get bail, which would relieve them. The course was for each party to give him a power of attorney, which would enable him to sell, and then to receive the amount of the bills with interest and costs, out of the value of their respective commissions, on which condition he would pay the costs incurred, release them from custody, and take their respective *cognovits* for the amount of the writs, including costs."

This arrangement was at length agreed to.

The costs on each writ were, including the arrests, lodging in the spunging-house, drawing up of the *cognovits*, allowances to keepers, &c., swelled to the amount of twelve pounds. No doubt if the *bills* were taxed they would have been cut down to less than half the sum, but there was no time to be lost. The love of liberty, and want of rest and food prevailed: there was no alternative: "any arrangement," said the three veterans, "to breath the fresh air, and to get outside of the infernal iron-barred window."

Powers of attorney and agreements, with eighteen cognovits were accordingly signed, sealed, witnessed, and delivered, adding two hundred and sixteen pounds to the amount of three hundred pounds, or thirty-six pounds to each bill of fifty.

Before the *period of grace*, stated in the cognovits expired, the other bills became due, and immediately on being protested for non-payment, eighteen additional writs were issued, and the parties arrested, and again conveyed to the loathsome spunging-house in Chancery-lane. From which Blackshark again relieved them, on their signing eighteen additional cognovits, payable in a month, increasing the amount of the original debt of, strictly speaking, four hundred and fourteen, to one thousand and thirty-two pounds.

Blackshark, who had the full authority, and the personal appearance when required, of the major and his brother officers, to do so, could have received in a very few days the price of their respective commissions. This did not, however, suit his views, and he retarded the

completion of the necessary arrangements for disposing of the commissions, until the *days of grace*, specified in the cognovits, expired, when he immediately had judgments entered upon them in court, and executions issued for each cognovit against all parties.

He contrived that they should be arrested at the London Tavern, when dining with an old officer just returned from India. Had it been daylight the latter would have relieved them, by paying the money.

Bail could not now be taken, and the hyenas of the land of freedom dragged from the social board three worthy weatherbeaten defenders of Britain's king and laws, and incarcerated them within the filthy, unhealthy, dark wards of Horsemonger-lane prison.

Colonel Leslie, who accompanied them to the entrance, exclaimed, "After this let me never again name the Black Hole of Calcutta."

The major's commission was sold for something over three thousand pounds. His army agents, fortunately for him, managed that one-third of the amount should be

be retained until the major arrived in North America, to be paid to his order when accompanied by the governor's certificate of his landing in any of the British provinces.

Blackshark, however, received more than two thousand pounds, from which he deducted the original debt,—nominally six hundred, together with the whole costs, amounting on powers of attorney, stamps, *thirty-six writs, thirty-six cognovits, eighteen judgments, and eighteen executions*, to nine hundred and ten pounds six shillings and eightpence—or total debt and costs, 1510*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, all arising out of an accommodation for four months of £414, the acceptance of which was concerted by a course of fraud and conspiracy, to which thousands are annually sacrificed.

We can no longer wonder at the emigrations to America, the vast concourse of British residents in France, or the victims of common misfortune, whom barbarous laws ruin,—and whom the degradation established by false, although national, opinion, banish, often in despair, and with the loss of moral and physical energy, from their motherland.

Blackshark, taking advantage of their neediness, advanced also small sums to the endorsers of the major's bills, and in consequence inveigled them into the signing of a cognovit each, which act finally reduced them to the ruinous necessity of selling their commissions.

On closing these diabolical, but successful transactions, this fiend of an accursed practice removed from his obscure office in Clement's Inn to superb chambers in the Temple; and then took into partnership another *limb* of the jike character, who had accumulated a large sum of money, chiefly from the town agency of a notorious black sheep of the law in the north, and the agencies of several low and dishonest lawyers.

The major and his unfortunate friends had scarcely got free of Horsemonger-lane prison, before Blackshark removed with his wife and children to a large house in one of the spacious streets leading into Russell Square; where, all at once, he came to be considered a "most respectable man." That is, he occupied a handsome mansion, had a flaunting wife, the privilege of a key to the exclusive square, in which

his children, in “ *best bibs and tuckers*,” walked with their semi-lady nurse,—gave dinners, and claret,—said a long grace before and after meat,—called up the servants to *family worship*,—partook of the sacrament, — went regularly to church, — joined in the chanting, — repeated aloud the responses,—and had his eldest daughter confirmed by the bishop.

A few weeks before Playfair’s departure for sea he met the major, whom he had not seen since they parted, seventeen years before at Passages in Spain. The major related his story. All but forty pounds of the balance received from Blackshark vanished; and it was evident that if he remained longer in London, ruin awaited him. Playfair replied to this by saying, “ I am about sailing for America, and beseech you, while you have a few pounds left, to fly from the metropolis of land-sharks, cross the sea with me, and acquire possession of the American woodland track allowed by regulation to officers of your rank,—then marry the first blooming managing daughter of any thriving farmer in the neighbourhood of the spot you settle on, and give her

the disposal of the thousand pounds which you can draw for on settling in the province, and then you may not only, for the remaining years of your life, be free from the necessity of requiring accommodations from Blacksharks; but, in peace, happiness, and plenty, you may yet live to see a colony of young Macphersons springing from your loins."

The advice of Playfair was immediately acted upon by the Major, and the circumstances related in this chapter are, in many respects, but similar to countless others which force multitudes across the Atlantic.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE COUNTERFEIT COUNT.

“ Que Dieu nous garde, donc, non pas d’être coupable mais d’être dupes ! ”

“ Etre dupe ! c’est la dernière des sottises à une époque où le succès est la première de recommandations. ” — *Mémoires du Diable.*

DURING the hours which Playfair and Macpherson passed together, as related in a former chapter, and on the following morning, more than one event was disclosed in Liberty Hall, which seriously regarded at least three of the regular boarders, and which was at New York, as would be the case elsewhere attended with unusual scandal. We cannot give any satisfactory account of the circumstances, without briefly summing up the previous details, which

will show, we fear, a family of the Bulls in as ridiculous and foolish a position as any of the Jonathans with a hundred thousand dollars.

“D’Ombert, the name assumed by the counterfeit count, already mentioned as one of the boarders, was at first far more attentive to the young widows who were both remarkably handsome, than to Miss Rennet. In a short time however, his services were apparently devoted entirely to the latter, whom he frequently accompanied away from the drawing-room to walk out to the Battery-point, *[to the Bowery Theatre, or up to her bedroom which he declared was quite à la mode de Paris.*

“How delightful,” she replied, “was *la-mo-dee-Parry.*”

“The jealousy of the widows was, however, *not* vividly remarkable, with whom he certainly appeared to have been also very intimate *à la mode de Paris*, and no doubt protested frequently, first to one, then to the other, that they were more divine and charming than angels, or *la belle Feronière*, or Geneviève, or even Eloise.

We have alluded in a former chapter to this

adventurer having ingratiated himself into the *naïve* confidence of a beautiful American lady at Paris, and her fortunate deliverance from the fiend who had all but ruined her for ever.

A previous and also a subsequent portion of the parts which he has acted, will be necessary to develop his capability for those, which will have rendered his name notorious at “Liberty Hall,” so long as that notable edifice enlivens Broadway.

The “travelling English” are many of them the most ostentatious simpletons,—the greatest title-hunters on earth. A county commoner’s wife, as she *rustles* up the aisle of her parish church, is perhaps the *ne plus ultra* of haughtiness,—and her daughters fashionably educated,—that is to say, without understanding any thing they are taught, and rendered giddy by vanity, and absurd by pretension, regard with adoration, not as the Prayer-book would indicate, the Deity of Heaven, but the lords and ladies of the county,—its local nobility and gentry ;—the great arena of display being the county-ball or the parish church.

Among the “travelling English” at Paris

during the winter of 183-, which Playfair passed in that city, were Mr. Greenthorn, Mrs. Greenthorn, and their daughter Miss Emma Greenthorn.

Mr. Greenthorn was a country squire with an income of about two thousand a year, who loved provincial English life—that is to say fox-hunting, good dinners, and meddling now and then in the county affairs,—chiefly such as regarded *poaching*. He never wished to leave Greenthorn Hall further than the hunt of the day carried him, and never was happy unless he returned home to smoking-hot dinners, surrounded by brothers of the chase, and when well soaked in port and sherry, to enjoy his usual nap in the huge ancestral arm-chair; after which, to close the evening with a sober *rubber*.

Mrs. Greenthorn was a notable and good woman in her way; delighted in precision and decorum,—fixed hours,—going twice on a Sunday to church,—strict attendance at family worship,—and subscribing to *charities*, and to societies for converting Jews and the heathens of Hindostan and Otaheite.—The rector and bishop she looked

up to as personages to be revered above all mortals,—I doubt not,—that they more than the Omnipotent were most adored in church.

The lord lieutenant's and sheriffs' names were also uttered with pompous and worshipful admiration; although she had never spoken to the first,—and although the latter was rather too high in rank for her to think of for her daughter Emma, with whom, however, the young beauty had once danced a *Roger de Coverley* at a county ball.

Miss Emma was really very pretty,—very vain,—very jealous of her equals in rank,—and very impertinent to those whom she considered in the least beneath her. She adored young lords and lordlings, and some of the handsome young parsons. She flared up her nostrils and snuffed and sneezed at all who earned their wealth by industry,—that is, those who did not inherit or receive their property by gift, pension, legacy, or church living. She had three or four offers of marriage, but she rejected them all,—expecting, as very pretty young ladies and their mammas always do, that Miss Emma would surely *do better*;—as papa could settle on her two or three hundred

a year, and she herself had the independent sum of five thousand : which would also be secured in the settlements : provided, *her husband* that was to be, were a rich man,—(as to *character* that was not to be questioned),—and would also settle handsomely on wife and heirs. Besides, it was ingeniously whispered to entrap a *good match*, that Emma's fortune was ten thousand pounds ; that her father, if she married to please him, and that all was perfectly chained down in the settlement, would at least give five hundred a year, and leave her at his death, no doubt, twenty thousand pounds more.

But *marrying men* in England, are not now so numerous, or so ardent as formerly.—Settlements are specially disliked, and fortunes are justly suspected to be far less than half the usually reported amount.

Therefore, notwithstanding all mamma's contrivance, and the widely-reported large fortune too, Emma entered her thirtieth year, and maiden bliss was still her portion. She had heard much of travelling, watering-places abroad, and other fashionable foreign resorts, where capital matches

were often made,—and she teased her mamma, and mamma *worried* *pa*, until the latter was only *let alone* by consenting to start for Paris.

This departure was a memorable setting out from Greenthorn Hall. The family preparations, and the *go abroad* packing, would justify the conclusion that they were *about* to travel at least as far as Jerusalem. The family carriage was covered with imperials—trunks, and handboxes, on the top, before, behind, and suspended from the sides.

They posted to Dover; there, the drain on Mr. Greenthorn's purse was enormous.

They embarked with carriage, imperials, handboxes, bags, servants, and *poodle*, on board of the steamboat. It blew fresh, — the gale was at angry war with the tide. Oh! Lord, how sick they all were!—'Twas death!—'Twas then Mr. Greenthorn first repented of leaving Greenthorn Hall.

They at last entered Boulogne. Those polite leeches, the *touters*, led them to the large New French Hotel. Oh, heavens! how Milord Anglais was flattered and fleeced! Oh, what havoc the *douaniers* made among the trunks,

imperials, bandboxes, &c.—such a lot of unnecessary flannel petticoats, fine chemises, frills, shawls, &c. &c. Oh, how horrible! What savages those douaniers are. *N’importe*, enough was left to last until they should reach Paris,—and then, to be sure, the *Modes de Paris*, were alone those fit to appear in.

As they started for Paris with five horses to their carriage, a legion of hangers-on, those *sangsues*, the garçons of the house, rushed round the porte-cocher of the Hotel du Nord. Milord Anglais only got disburdened of them by satisfying the leeches with a shower of *francs*. Not one word of French could father, mother, or daughter speak;—although the latter had long since finished her education. Neither the footmen nor ladies’ maids had ever left their country before. The language they spoke was, it is true, scarcely English, but certainly not French.

Richard, the footman, observed, “Measter, loakee, they bees roapes, moy oye! for traces, and two-a bits o’ stroyng for reyns! Moy oye! *wotena tacklin’!*”

Crack, crack, crack! went the whip, and away

went the five round fat white horses with their tails knotted, going at a sort of rolling gallop which wheeled them, rattling with thundering noise, over the *Chaussée*, out of *Boulogne*.

They had, however, scarcely gone half à mile, when down bounced the postilion,—a trace too long here,—another short there,—a knot had slipped,—a buckle was lost. All this would have been alarming in England; “*Mais ce n'est rien, milord,*” said the postilion, and adjusting the above-named trifles, mounted, and cracked on to the first *relais* at *Samer*.

Here, while changing horses, the smith, or *le maréchal*, with two or three of his journeymen, pretended to find a screw loose in one part of the carriage,—in another a nut gone,—and a bolt broken somewhere else. Without asking, or at least getting leave, they commenced unscrewing and hammering, and for what they did, or rather *undid*, extorted twenty francs. Similar tricks were frequently repeated.

They dined at *Montreuil*. Here was a precious bill to pay! none of the party understood one word of the language; except *two*, in the impera-

tive mood, which Mr. Greenthorn was taught by *Monsieur le Commissaire* at Boulogne, — viz., “*mangez*,” — “*changez*.” That most adroit of landladies, she of Montreuil, named the most expensive things, as “*Voulez-vous des bécasses,—Pâté de foie gras de Strasbourg,—Dindon aux truffes? Vins de Champagne,—Chateau Margaout, &c. &c.*” Mr. Greenthorn could of course only reply, “*mangez!*” “*changez!*”

If they did “*mangé*,” they did indeed “*changé*,” and five-franc pieces, Napoleons, sovereigns, and Bank of England notes vanished with a rapidity to which Mr. Greenthorn, who was certainly no niggard, had never before been accustomed.

They slept, or rather endured the night, at Abbeville. But, oh, the abominable darkness loving insects! They only attacked *pa* and *ma*, but the beauteous Emma was not only worried by the leaping biters, but her lovely neck, and temples, and arms, were all transformed into blistered blotches by the loathsome poisonous *punaiseans*.

With sundry other such adventures they at last cracked into Paris. "How these ugly streets smell!" said Mrs. Greenthorn, as they rolled through the Faubourg St. Denis,—"I shall be choked,—stified,—I shall! I shall! Oh! that nasty man there! Emma, give me the *ho de Gollong*."

They at length reached the Boulevards, where they inhaled purer air,—and rolling down the Rue de la Paix, and then to Rue Rivoli, were finally lodged in splendid rooms at Meurice's, overlooking the Tuileries.

The "travelling English" fancy that such are the social relations in France, that they can enter freely into the first society in Paris. No such thing! A distinguished man of literature or science, or others celebrated for talent or rank, may easily glide into the first and best circles in Paris.

Not so with those rich English visitors who seem to arrive for no better purpose than to exhibit their equipages—their profusion—their vanity—ostentation—their folly.

There exists, however, under various shades

of life in Paris, an adroitly-trained corps who seem to have been created to minister to the vanity and folly of the travelling English.

The corps consists of two grand divisions,—viz., male and female. The *first* is “le légion des chevaliers d’industrie”—persons who live on their wits—as *M. le Marquis*, *M. le Comte*, *M. le Baron*; their head-quarters are the residences of the other division, who are old *sous-less intrigantes*, and who also assume the titles of *Madame la Duchesse*, *Madame la Marquise*, *Madame la Comtesse*, *Madame la Baronne*. These dames have usually lovers or sons who are knights of the *légion d’industrie*, and whom it is the special business of *mesdames les intrigantes* to introduce to all dashing foreigners who arrive in Paris. There are a thousand ways of managing this. Very few of the myriads of the Bull family, who annually flock to that capital, can bring introductions to the British Ambassador, and seldom to respectable residents. They usually arrive when all decent English and French society leave town for the country.

The *intrigantes* have not unfrequently some

connexion, and at all times sufficient acquaintance, with the principal hotels and lodging-houses—especially those in which there are *écarté* saloons: they are also found among the daily frequenters of the principal *restaurateurs*.

*John Bull* is nowhere more foolish than when he ceases to tread the streets or fields of his native land. He, and Mrs. Bull, and their daughter Polly, must *see* every thing in Paris. They go to those resorts to which they *can* go: to the most flashy hotels and restaurants. It is impossible not to recognise them at first sight. The *chevaliers d'industrie*, and *les intrigantes*, seize on them immediately as game, at those flash places. Opportunities readily occur for extending the “*little sweet courtesies of life*” to the *Bulls*. At a restaurant or a *table d'hôte*, for example, in the way of recommending and disapproving of such and such dishes—by offering assistance in countless ways—by well dressed-up flattery; all so nicely directed and so pleasing—so condescending on the part of such highly-titled personages, as quite to enchant the *Bulls*, for whom *Madame la Duchesse*, and

*Madame la Marquise*, leave cards immediately. Oh, how delightful to exhibit in England these tiny embossed *pasteboards*, with the names of the *very first* families in France !

The *Bulls* are now quite *installed*,—they are, as they honestly believe, mingling among the the first society on earth,—they accept polite invitations to the *écarté* saloons, &c. These saloons are usually attached to boarding-houses, at which there are balls once or oftener in the week. The Parisian women who frequent them have, let it not be forgotten, lost all *caste* of character except that of *easy virtue*.

The Bulls know nothing of all the management—all the design in these *mélée* assemblages, all the *acted* courtesies of which enrapture Mrs. Bull, confuses John, and turns Polly's head.

A mustached *chevalier d'industrie* waltzes with *la belle Anglaise*, tells her, at every turn, that she dances like a sylph. He makes a declaration of eternal love to her in less than an hour. He has seized upon the happy moment to do so—she yields—she is gone for ever !

All such, with the accompaniments, was the

lot of the Greenthorns to experience. They fell into the hands of these worse than Philistines—*les chevaliers d'industrie*, and *mesdames les intrigantes*.

Among the former, appeared conspicuous, our counterfeit count, under the title of the Marquis de Montfort. He was rather tall, certainly handsome, wore his black hair frizzled, and his mustaches and beard *à la Charles Premier d'Angleterre*.

“How condescending and polite a nobleman!” said Mrs. Greenthorn; “he actually called first three times, and now he does us the honour of dining with us five times a week.”

Miss Emma lost her heart; yes, and her head too, before the end of the last figure of the first *contredanse*, in which she figured with the ravishingly-dear marquis. Eternal love and Emma's charms formed the enchanting fluid which he distilled, or rather instilled, into Emma's ears and heart, and with which he intoxicated her brains, or rather her fancies.

They soon talked of that, in France, serious

contract—marriage. I mean serious as to preliminaries.

The marquis's father is still living—he is an old Carlist. His ideas are chained to ancient usages. He dislikes plebeian connexions. He resides at his great château near Dijon. He refuses his consent unless his son marries a woman of enormous fortune.

The marquis produces his father's letters, he shows and reads them to Emma. She is miserable—her mother is in anguish—both worry the father to come down handsomely. Mr. Green-thorn gives drafts, which are handed to the marquis's notary, for five thousand pounds. Emma's money is also transferred from the English to the French funds, in the name of the notary ; all to be secured firmly to the joint use, during life, of the marquis and his wife, and then to the heirs of their body, by the "*Contrat de Mariage*." The marquis takes a splendid apartment in the Rue Royale, for four thousand francs a year. He buys superb furniture, costing eight thousand more. Mamma is enchanted,

and says it will really be shabby in *pa*, not to make the young folks a present of the furniture, as the marquis has laid out such sums for the new carriage and horses.

Mr. Greenthorn is even teased or coaxed to consent to this. The marquis's father, a delightful old gentleman, then appears. The contract of marriage is signed—the lovers are united in holy wedlock—the marriage is pompously announced in the *Morning Post*, and *Court Journal*, and in Mr. Greenthorn's county paper.

A splendid *honeymoon* is spent at Paris—another moon commences.—One evening of its first week, the marquis does not come home. Emma! miserable Emma! sits up or walks her *salons*, waiting for him the whole night. Some terrible accident must have happened—she is disconsolate—they send next day, and the day after to the *Morgue*—his body appears not there—inquiry is made at the police, where, by the vigilance of that famed institution, it is discovered that he has left France by passport under his real name, Roche,—and that he himself, and the fine old gentleman. who personified his father

as well as the notary and other trustees and clergyman, were all *counterfeits* under assumed names,—the letters and papers forgeries,—that the marriage was not legal,—that Roche was the natural son of a grocer in the Rue St. Denis,—that he and the pretended notary had fled with all the money received from Emma and her father,—that the new carriage and horses were only hired by the day,—that the splendid furniture was not paid for,—and that for both, if Mr. Greenthorn did not pay, his daughter, as a foreigner, would be arrested and detained.

On deliberation, Mr. Greenthorn came, at last, round to something like sober judgment. He decided that the wise course was to leave France without delay. He paid half the value of the furniture, and gave it all up, to him who supplied it. He paid half a year's rent to rid his daughter of the apartments, and also the hire of the new carriage and horses, to free her from the claim to both. Then packing up, and settling his bill at Meurice's, he left Paris, with his wife and daughter, for ever. Three months as "traveling English," having left him minus at least ten

thousand pounds. His daughter bereft of her fortune and of her reputation; for they found out to their sorrow, that the marriage was a mere show, got up by a conspiracy of *chevaliers d'industrie* and *intrigantes*,—and then the further mortification of returning to Greenthorn Hall with Emma, not exactly in state of single blessedness.

Mortifying and distressing as were the consequences at Greenthorn Hall, the whole that had passed was soon forgot at Paris, and in less than a year, the counterfeit marquis returned under another name,—that which we have mentioned in a former chapter—Count Foqualt Roche. He then changed his scene of action, became acquainted with other circles,—drove a dashing cabriolet by day,—and had his chariot for the night. He even insinuated himself into connexion with a benevolent institution. This occurred after the affair, before related, with the beautiful American lady at Paris. By this time the money swindled from the Greenthorns had vanished in sensual pleasures and other extravagances. Under pretence of a benefit for the

institution alluded to, he got up the project of a subscription ball, or some such amusement. By this manœuvre he raised a large sum of money, with which, before the day appointed for the ball, he absconded from Paris, reached Havre, and on board one of the American packets sailed for New York.

Here he fixed himself as a scientific travelling nobleman from France. Here he was the most courteous-mannered man that "Liberty Hall" ever lodged. Here he gained the heart of Miss Rennet,—and here, on her wealth being transferred some days before, in his name to the principal Bank in New York, they were married. It was now that the Boston sausage-maker's daughter, under the title of the Countess D'Ombert, exulted in her happy fortune in not having married an Unitarian parson or a Methodist preacher.

"No morning sun," it has been said, "lasts a whole day." If the sun did shine brightly on this bridal morn, it assuredly closed the evening amid an utter darkness, in which there was more of the infernal than "weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

The wind blew a gale from the west. A packet-ship sailed that night for France. One of the negro waiters was missing from the hotel. The count left his spouse in "Liberty Hall" drawing-room, as he said, for a few moments. In half an hour she became restless and impatient, she ascended to the rooms, prepared for their first nuptial night. Horrible!—all the count's luggage was gone,—and the countess, raving in despair, rolled on the floor and would not be comforted.

Next morning the pilot of the packet brought a note to "Liberty Hall." It was from the missing negro, to a fellow-waiter, communicating in substance, that he had entered into the service of, and carried the French nobleman's traps on board the packet, and that he was, with his new master (who told him, the negro, to call him only Mr. Roche), sailing for France before the favouring gale. The money deposited in the counterfeit count's name was, every cent of it, withdrawn by him, the very day he married, and exchanged for good bills at sight, on Paris.

It was only now that even the marriage which

had been celebrated privately, was made known to the inmates of "Liberty Hall," and to the surprise of all others, the two handsome widows burst forth into as inconsolable anguish, as that which overwhelmed the deserted wife herself.

Money he had not obtained from them—but he flattered their vanity, and managed so effectually on the respective weak points of their characters, and succeeded further, by giving each, unknown to the other, a written promise of marriage, that the consequences of six weeks' intimate acquaintance has probably before this time produced another brace of young democrats, whose mothers it is hoped will so train them in "the way in which they should go," as to efface every element of infamy which they may inherit from the COUNTERFEIT COUNT.

## CHAPTER XVII.

SAFETY OF FEMALES TRAVELLING ALONE IN  
THE UNITED STATES, A PROOF OF THE  
AMERICANS BEING THE MOST POLITE  
PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

“Are Columbia’s sons so good or so cold,  
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

THE sadscandal brought on the three lady boarders in “Liberty Hall,” as described in the last chapter, by a swindling adventurer, formed a deplorable contrast to the general conduct of men towards women in the United States.

In no country can the fair sex, young or aged, beautiful or uncomely, travel alone with such confident safety as in the United States of America.—In England, a young lady may, as far as the public conveyances are in question, travel generally, but certainly not always, without an-

noyance when unaccompanied by a protecting friend: but let wife, *widow*, or *maid*, unprotected, enter a diligence in France, and if either have any pretensions to beauty, all the arts that seduction can contrive are practised for her ruin;—what French mother ever trusted her unmarried daughter out of her sight elsewhere than at a nunnery,—or at a boarding-school, which is guarded with equal vigilance?

In America, a young and beautiful woman may travel over at least all the old states, without fear of being insulted, or the delicacy of her feelings being offended. She has only to retain the ordinary modesty and dignity of female character, to be respected and guarded; and it must also, in common justice, be remarked that it is rare indeed to meet women in this republic of republics who are deficient either in modesty, virtue, or becoming self-respect. Jonathan understandeth not the language of Lord Chesterfield, nor doth he comprehend *speaking much and meaning nothing*, when he talks to the fair sex. But, practically, no one will so readily give and insist on giving *place aux dames*.

You ! who have travelled by American stages,—or voyaged in American steam-boats,—or visited Saratoga, or Balston, or Long Island, or the White Sulphurs,—or who have passed through the tedium of that period when all the *stars* and *stripes* are represented *by deputy* at Washington, will bear witness to the truth of what we proclaim. Let us therefore honestly concede to Jonathan, that if women, when travelling, can do so alone and with perfect safety in the United States, and also without the delicacy of virtue being tampered with, consequently, America is *de facto*, and Europe is not *practically*, the politest nation in the world.

This was the opinion which Hugo Playfair formed, when one of Erin's gallant sons, who had a day or two before arrived at Liberty Hall, on his way back to England, from his regiment in Canada, exclaimed, “ Not a bit of it ! ’tis no politeness, nor good manners at-all-at-all, ’tis only that *Uncle Sam*\* is ever and entirely running in

\* The United States citizens collectively, from the initials U. S.; and in contradistinction to *Jonathan*, or *Yankee*, which terms the citizens of the south apply to those of the New England States.—EDITOR.

love after the dollars, and never at all has a mind after the ledies."

Hugo Playfair was, however, content in his belief of the proofs given him of the fallacy of Major O'Conamara's accusation. Susannah Rennet, whom Playfair has introduced in a foregoing chapter as one of the counterfeit count's many victims, was not more than thirty-five years old, although the temperament of the climate and the nature of her constitution, gave her a much more advanced appearance ; for her complexion, like that of one wretchedly sea-sick, resembled in colour meager whey.—In this free country, where it is still the privilege of all to know every thing, it would scarcely be possible to have passed two or three days in the same hotel with Susannah, and be ignorant of her pedigree, history, and intentions. Therefore it was gratuitously told to Playfair, by a fellow-traveller of hers, that Susannah was the daughter of a sausage-maker in Boston, and that the great fame and extensive sale of her father's sausages enabled him to leave his son two hundred thousand dollars, and to Susannah half that sum.

There are but few American citizens, with fortunes of a hundred thousand dollars, or more, but who are invariably *tories*, and fancy themselves aristocrats. But, oh ! spirit of Pelham, such aristocrats ! such “*fools of quality* !” There is scarcely a man in the United States, except among the Southern planters, worth a hundred thousand dollars, who has either the manners of a gentleman or the civility of a tradesman. Poorer men at the same time are generally very civil persons, and the farmers of the old states are the best bred of all. We have seen a few of the old gentlemen of the school now gone by, never, alas ! to return, in America. These were the landed gentlemen who were bred up, as well as born, before the revolution. They are indeed gone for ever. Playfair, therefore, having found those fled of whom he once knew some noble remnants, resolved, before he returned to Europe, to draw the portraits of citizens worth at least a hundred thousand dollars. These delineations we shall find no doubt so true, that the dollar-nobles, or Uncle Sam’s quality-folk, will not only at once recognise themselves, but all others will know them at first sight.

Susannah, according to her fellow-traveller Mr. Spry Slim's account, having a hundred thousand dollars, considered herself, although a sausage-maker's daughter, a match for any man of the oldest families in Boston: that is, one of those houses, the founder of which was early honoured by being one of the first men of those who were of sufficient consequence to have had their passage and expenses to America defrayed by the English treasury.\* But as she had no greater pretensions to beauty, than she had to her family being recorded in the early history of Massachusetts, and as her lips were especially repulsive, from their only half overlaying the black jagged remains of what were formerly teeth, the substantial part of her attractions was not sufficiently tempting to ensnare even one of the "tarnal dollar-hunters."

\* *Query*, Does this mean a man whose sentence was only short of being hanged at Tyburn, and consequently transported for life? If so, the remark is not charitable; and, only for Hugo's obstinacy in speaking the truth, he would never have alluded to such a page of colonial story. It is not, however, expressed in bad temper, but evidently to expose vanity—not, certainly, in the spirit of the Ursa Major, who said, "Sir, they are a nation of convicts, and should be thankful for any thing we do short of hanging them."—EDITOR.

Her hopes in Boston were almost wholly directed to the preachers. She for a long time constantly attended the fashionable church of a celebrated doctor. From disappointments or "hope deferred," while years were creeping over her, she became "sick at heart" of Unitarianism. She consequently changed her creed and followed the Baptists, until two preachers, who she believed were devoted to her, both married on the same day two sisters, each possessing youth, beauty, and nearly a hundred thousand dollars. This was not to be endured, and Susannah became a Methodist; but as the numerous love-feasts of which she partook were fruitless in realizing her matrimonial speculations, she abandoned the *white cravat whiners*. Being at last persuaded that she had no chance at Boston, and some ladies, with *printed pretensions* to ancestry, having, wherever Susannah's name was mentioned, said that her dollars sent forth the perfume of sausages, she left the City of the Pilgrim Fathers for the City of Brokers; the latter being considered a far better field for speculation of all kinds than Boston; she, therefore, with no very agreeable

recollections of her native town, travelled on to New York, where she determined to take up her ground at one of the largest and most frequented boarding-houses in Broadway. She has, as we have seen, and as Benjamin Franklin would have predicted, “paid too dear for her whistle.”

In the same stage which conveyed Susannah Rennet from Boston to Broadway, there was another fair passenger, and it may be pleasing to the lovers of innocence and virtue to know that such amiable beings as Lucy Plympton *form the general rule*, and those like Susannah and the two widow boarders at “Liberty Hall,” the *particular* exception to that rule, in the female character, of all but the slave states of America.

The object of Lucy’s journey was also a matrimonial one, but she was very differently circumstanced from Susannah. Lucy had not more than a hundred dollars in the world, but she had exquisite beauty, charming sweetness of disposition, and the most winning fascination playing over and around the very simplicity of her manners. The Yankees, to better their fortunes, like the Scotch, travel south; and a young lawyer of

Massachusetts, whose heart Lucy had taken from him, left it with her, and went south, taking hers instead with him. He went in search of practice, and after some wandering, commenced business as a lawyer in that, we should expect least litigious of cities, Philadelphia.

He had so far succeeded, although he began without a dollar, that, about a month before the affair of Susannah, he wrote Lucy, "that absence from her made him, as might always be expected, *wretched*; that he had now so much practice that he was certain of making a fortune, that a *help-mate* would enable him to *pro-gress* more surely; that he could not by any means leave his business, for even a week, as every thing now *pro-gressed* so fast, that in one day, if he left his business, it would certainly fly away from him; and that as Lucy held his heart so closely enchained to her, he never could get it back unless she came with it. He therefore sent her a hundred dollars to pay all expenses to Philadelphia; and Lucy in consequence came on to New York, dined at "Liberty Hall," and left an hour after by the stage, with gladdened spirits, and with in-

nocence and love to support them, on her way to join Hezekiah Bunker, who will, we have no doubt, make her a most provident husband, and she, in changing her name for one far less pretty, will as doubtless make him a most loving and notable wife.

Such a sketch of virtuous happiness is one of those which frequently, among many evils, relieve social life in America.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION.

“ Il n’y a rien plus gênant, dans l’habitude de la vie que ce patriotisme irritable des Américains. L’étranger consenteroit bien à louer *beaucoup* dans leur pays ; mais il voudroit qu’on lui permet de blâmer quelque chose : c’est ce qu’on lui refuse absolument.”—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

IT has become an oft-repeated *truism*, that it is the common vanity of the Americans to expect that you will praise every thing in their country. It is equally true that they will themselves find abundant fault, *sectionally*, with men and things ; but they cannot bear that an European should blame any thing, whether it be duelling, slavery, or intolerance of opinion. It is thus that they have established themselves, in all the fulness of their vanity, as the first nation in the world : which vanity, notwithstanding the ridiculous and

often ungracious way in which it is expressed, has no doubt aided them in their extraordinary progress. The French statesman was not far from the truth who so frankly said, “every Frenchman considers France the first country upon earth,—and he himself, if the opportunity for action were offered him, the first of all Frenchmen,—and more, that if there be any thing wrong in nature, that it so happened because the Deity did not on its creation consult a Frenchman.”

Although the Frenchman is vain enough individually to entertain this fancy, yet if you get into French society, either in a diligence or a drawing-room, you then witness how frankly and fearlessly they discuss, and how they balance and praise men and things with all the effervescence of feeling, and all the freedom of sentiment, but always in polite expression. The vanity of the French, although, in common-sense judgment, frothy and ridiculous, has however served them much. It has carried them through great difficulties, and stimulated them to great achievements.

John Bull, with all his bluntness, although he may boast—“give me old England,”—and that

“one Englishman will beat ten Frenchmen,” will not only allow you to, but join you in, finding fault with whatever is wrong, or seems wrong, whether in politics, in laws, in corporations, in travelling, at inns, or on board steam-boats. His national character is proud, yet this pride, like the vanity of the Frenchman, has moved his heart to do great, chivalrous, and generous things.

The honest heavy German, who loves with all his heart his revered *Vater-land*, if he have a feeling it is not sufficiently appreciating his own sterling worth,—not being sufficiently proud of his country.

That which the American citizen will not be contented with, do what else to please him, is your not going “the whole hog” with him in declaring the United States to be—

“THE SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION.”

No doubt the Spanish Grandee still considers his degraded nation the first in Europe. Where we may find

“All patriots, save nobility,  
All brave, save fallen chivalry.”

It is however undeniable that in any country, except America,\* the traveller may say as little or as much as he pleases in praise of the country he lives in or travels over. But in the Great Republic you must praise, you must admit that there are no social evils—you must blame nothing, there seems no refuge, but *nolens volens*, however glaringly in the face of facts, and against your conviction, and though as evidently

“ Convinced against your will,”

and

“ Of the same opinion still,”—

to declare that the *Free* and United States of America, is, without exception or abatement,

“ THE SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION.”

Now our friend Hugo Playfair was the man not to be convinced against his will, either by all the politicians that ever clamoured in congress, or “ *salted the cattle for the fall markets,*” at a *log-cabin* *Caucas* Meeting. †

This determination not to be convinced, against

\* Surely China and the celestial empire is one other exception ?—EDITOR.

† These political terms for duping electors will be found satisfactorily explained hereafter.—EDITOR.

the authority of *facts*, which facts proved most *stubborn things*, in the way of smoothing the roads on which he has journeyed was, however, persevered in by Hugo Playfair. He and the major resorted, it is true, to several good-natured expedients to conciliate those whom they encountered: such, for instance, as Playfair writing and printing a short and entertaining account of himself, and the major doing the same before they left New York, for the inland country; so that they might answer at once and easily the questioning of the curious, by saying, on handing a couple of pamphlets to the landlord or landlady of whatever inn they stopped at, “we wish to tell you all about us,—these pamphlets will let you know who we are, where we come from, what we have been doing, where we are going, and what we are going to do. Can you give us lodging and food?”

Several discussions arose on the question of which is the first country on earth? At the end of each of these national contentions, a Parisian Ballet-master ejaculated—“Ah, mon Dieu, non !

c'est la belle France ! Paris ! Le Palais Royal !  
Eh ! le Palais Royal ! Le Palais Royal ! !”

And Major Conamara invariably wound up the subject with—

“Be *dad*, gintlemen, yer all of yees after forgetting the Emerald Isle,”

“That first flower of the earth,  
That first gem of the sea.”

The Americans, however much they were at sectional variance with each other, claimed one and all the right to be considered the first people, and the first country on earth.

Never could this be more conspicuous than on the occasion we now allude to, when Hugo Playfair gave his opinion honestly and fearlessly amidst an assemblage who came from and would carry back his opinions to every state of the Republic of Republics.

At Liberty Hall there were congregated, *Down Easters* and *Far Westers*, *Yankees* and *Yorkers*, *Nantuckians* and *Cape Codians*, *Rhodians* and *Trojans*, *Bush Trampers*, and *Squatters*, *Philadelphians* and *Floridians*, *Nullifiers* and

*Buckskins, Gougers and Lynchers, Louisianians and Kentuckians, Mississippians and Michigans, Georgians, and Texeans, Loco-foco-men, Log-cabin and hard cyder voters.* All these were of one accord in adjudging themselves the cleverest folks, and the Free and United Republic of Republics the *smartest nation in the world*. But as this was invariably disputed by Major O'Conamara, and by Monsieur de Paris, the French Consul-general at New York, as well as by Captain Loyalus Bluenose, master of the schooner Royal Adelaide of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, and never assented to on the part either of Hugo Playfair or of Major Macpherson, nor even by a brace of notorious persons, namely, Providence Solomons, and Doubloon Jack; consequently *Uncle Sam's* supremacy was not fully established among that numerous assemblage, which seemed, from their varied physiognomy, looks, language, manners, and character, as if there had been centralized within Liberty Hall, for Hugo Playfair's convenience, all the lights and shadows of American society.

The question of Uncle Sam's pre-eminence

among the nations of the earth was not, however, given up by his representatives. One of his organs of *speech, opinions, and nationality*, namely, General Genesis Groorooster of Utica, in the state of New York, seldom allowed an evening to pass in Liberty Hall drawing-room, without bringing national pre-eminence on the carpet of discussion.

This bold republican, whose family, on settling in New England during the reign of Charles I., changed their name from that of Groocock to Groorooster, was by *professions*, first a school-master in a small town in Massachusetts, from which he rose in the world to be a land-surveyor on the line of the Hudson and Erie great canal, and was now keeper of the largest tavern, and of the best assorted *retail goods* store, in the flourishing city of Utica ; which great city the said great canal has created. He became, in consequence of the influence thus acquired, General of Militia, justice of peace, and a representative in the New York State legislature.

On one evening when there were a much greater than the ordinary number of lodgers and

boarders in the drawing-room, Groorooster, after some previous discussion about America, *launched* forth on his favourite subject, national pre-eminence; he spoke much in the same strain and words as he would have addressed the assembled representatives of the State at Albany, and as follows: "Citizens and strangers," said he, "verily, when Solomon said there was no new thing under the sun, he did not calculate that there was a new world. I guess this was 'cause want of its discovery is *history reason*, that America *isn't* found in the bible geography. Now, citizens and strangers, 'tis 'cause strangers are not American historians, that they be unbelievers in not having faith in the free and glorious and great states of our mighty Republic being the *cleverest population*, and the *smartest nation*, in all the universal history of all the created world. I guess and calculate, by the rule of history, that our pilgrim fathers left England, the land of bondage, near two hundred years ago, to *create a land of civil and religious liberty*, in a country *wild and wooded*, and inhabited by *heathens*, and I guess and calculate, that history says how they pro-

gressed in driving the heathens out of the land, in getting through the woods and up the rivers, and exploring and settling down east and away south, and far west, till they *became* the cleverest population and the smartest and *independentest* and *finest* nation in all the universal creation.

“Citizens and strangers, we have, in general, lived to witness the United States progressing over the Alleghanies,—to the Ohio,—to the Wabash,—to the Mississippi,—to the Missouri,—to the great lakes, and, oh ! *wondrous* and *terrible* over the *turnal* snow mountains to the city of Astoria on the great Pacific Sea. We shall, I guess, most *on* us, live to witness Texas and Mexico, and all the darkened nations of South America civilized by our going ahead—progressing, fellow-citizens,—and I guess it’s no universal great calculation, that the institutions, the language, the learning, the smartness, the steam-boats, the newspapers, and the railroads of this mighty great nation of States, will progress over the north to Hudson’s Bay and Greenland,—over the far west to New Archangel and Behring’s Straits,—and south over Mexico, Central Ame-





rica, Peru, Brazil, Paraguay, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Patagonia, and Terra del Fuego. That's what I prophesies by reading history."

"*Mais, mon Dieu!* I protest *tout-à-fait* against all you do say.—*Pardonnez!*—You be not de first, or de cleverest, or de most *galant*, or *polis* nation in de universe! You be *exactement* one great *peuple-canaille* of *never-sleep*, go-ahead-head-head, all—all—for dollar—dol-l-a-ar—dol-la-a-a-ar—noting but for de dol-la-a-a-a-ar!" exclaimed Monsieur de Paris, out of patience with Groorooster.

On this a *Down Easter*, a notable man, a great speaker at *Caucas meetings*, by name Methusalem Melt, major of militia, manager of the salt-boilers at *Kops-cook*, owner of seven sows and of the schooner named "What's that to you?"—rose from off three chairs, over which he had spread his long legs, body, and arms, and spoke forth in support of the general pre-eminence of the United States, and of the State of Maine in particular, as the state *par excellence*.

"Citizens," said he, "from every one of them ere universal states, and you there strangers

from all 'em *jographical* points of all creation, I've gotten on mine legs to speechify, and will make my speech jist as 'twere to be 'fore Congress, and jist as true as if for the printer to *pit* into the *free press* of this here free country. Now verily, citizens and strangers, 'tis jist as exact to cipher that United States, the land of liberty, is the *only* land of liberty, as that State of Maine is the smartest state atween Mexico Gulf and Fundy Bay. In this here free country we have liberty to do and say and write every manner of thing that we have a mind to do. At the last *Caucas meeting*, which was a preliminary meeting, convened at Bangor city, the metropolis of Maine State, to consider what we should 'arter conclude upon, I made a speech which was *pit* into the *day-press*, *weekly press*, *half-weekly press*, and *one-third weekly press*, over all the universal Union. I keeps a copy of it in my *fob*, and as it jist speaks *wot* all State of Maine *constituency* would *pit* into a speech, I will progress and read it. My speech at *Caucas meeting* is *vy-dy-ly-zyd* :\*

\* *Query*, Videlicet.—P.D.

“ ‘Fellow-citizens,’ says I, ‘we are assembled here in our metropolis by the act of our own free liberty,—not bidden, I calculate, by any despotic officials, as in that ’ere land of bondage of Brunswick province, or in them ’ere Canada provinces; but we be here convened by *manifestation* of that natural human power, which gives every citizen of this here land of freedom a *voice* in directing the progressing of himself, of the public at large, of the State of Maine in particular, and of the United States in general: This is clear as Penobscott river, and as true as that all disputed territory belongs to Maine, and as full of justice and right as that Maine *militiar* will go and seize *possession* of, as well as *right* to, all disputed territory: this being, as I cipher, genuine explanation and *rail* nature of *self-natural* government.

“ ‘Brother citizens, we have witnessed ’mazing things in these our days; we’ve *seed* in *purticklar* this mighty city of Bangor chopped out of the black, green, dreary wilderness, and the ’mazing district of Maine progressing from a savage and *scareful* land of woods and rocks, and bears and

*Ingins*, and *tiger-cats*, and *howls*, to be one of the powerfulest states of this almighty Union. We've our *n'own* governor and legislature, our *n'own* state laws and privileges, our *n'own* clever-progressing and smart\* population,—we've common roads, railroads, court-houses, jails, colleges, *militiar* barracks, note and dollar banks, schools, and meeting-houses,—cities and towns in multitudes without number,—great ships, clever brigs, little schooners, small canoes, and leviathan steam-boats. We've the fertilest farms, the biggest taverns, the handsomest wives, the beautifullest girls, the spryest men, the smartest orators, the bravest *militiar*, and the *invinciblest* generals in all creation.'"

"You are one great *Gascon*, dat be all," interrupted M. de Paris.

"I would overrun your whole state with a ragged regiment of white boys," said Major O'Conamara.

"Would you?" said a man of engines and rifles, from the military college of West Point,

\* Smart, in common American parlance, means intelligent and talented.—EDITOR.

“ I guess we United States’ engineers be now contriving a *torpedo*, which we can direct under *hocean* ’cross the Atlantic, so as to blow into universal atoms them ’ere ‘*sea-girt* isles of slavery.’ ”

A general loud involuntary burst of laughter, from all the foreigners present, followed this piece of bombast ; and there being some one from almost every state of the union present, a discussion as to sectional pre-eminence succeeded to the satisfaction of none, and the general question of national superiority was wound up by Groo-rooster, who rose and said, “ We’ve had much speechification, which has a most nullified edification, jist ’cause no one never calculates by history. I takes history to nullify all contraries, and I says the rule of history is as certain as the rule of three ; and the rule of history jist nullifies all contraries against free and United States being

“ THE SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION,”  
cause history proves that France *licked* all universal Europe, and England *licked* all France, and all Europe and all Africa and all Asia, and

every nation of 'em *quite slick*. All creation knows United States *licked* all England, and *consikently*, free and United States of America can *lick* all the universal created world."

"In truth, the citizens of this land of bondage boast more than all the nations of the earth," observed Profundus, as he and Hugo left the drawing-room together.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### BONDAGE.

“ L’Amérique est donc un pays de liberté, où, pour ne blesser personne *on ne doit* parler librement ni des particulières, ni de l’Etât, ni des Gouvernés,—ni des Gouvernements,—ni des entreprises privées ; de rien, enfin, de ce qu’on y recontre, sinon peut-être, du climat et du sol : encore trouve-t-on des Américains prêts à défendre l’un et l’autre, comme s’ils avaient concouru à les former.”—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

As Hugo, the Major, and Profundus, accompanied by M. de Paris, were taking their usual morning walk on the battery point, enjoying a view of the wide bay of New York, over which numerous steamers were scouring, and on which were multitudes of sailing ships under way, they were abruptly interrupted by meeting

General Genesis Groorooster, and Major Methusalem Melt, both of whom accosted Hugo and Profundus, demanding explanation or satisfaction, as to their having uttered the words "*Land of Bondage and Boasting*," on leaving the dining-room on the preceding evening. They also demanded of M. de Paris what he meant by the term *Gascon*.

"I never utter the language of double meaning,—take my words literally, and make the most of them," replied Hugo.

"I am a German," said Profundus, "and I am *germain* also to the words expressed by my friend Mr. Playfair."

"And I am one Frenchman," said M. de Paris, "and what I mean I also do say, and what I do say I do mean, and de *Gascon* is de most grand boaster in France, and you be des Gascons of l'Amérique. So you~take dat, Monsieur le General, and Monsieur le Major, me no be frightened by your *rifell*, or by your *duell* needer, messieurs."

Major O'Conamara at this moment joined them, and hearing the words *rifle* and *duel*,

exclaimed, “ Be dad, are yees goin to be after an affair of honor ? if ’tis to be a rale fight entirely I’ll be your second, and ’tis many a time that I’ve been, and never have I let my principal give over till he shot his opponent.”

“ On this occasion,” said Profundus, “ whatever these gentlemen may think, we are to have no duelling ; I know how this barbarism may be avoided even in this *land of liberty* ; to which country we are perfectly willing to concede much that is praiseworthy, but to which neither Mr. Playfair nor I will ever sacrifice the truth.”

“ Certainly,” said Playfair, “ and as far as I can learn, if an absence of pleasure,—if incessant perseverance in making rich fast,—if the most daring spirit of speculative adventure,—if indefatigable resolution, and continued labour in subduing obstacles opposed by nature,—if encountering by navigation all the dangers of the seas, in all climates,—if unprecedented progress in settlement and population constitute the formation of the first nation upon earth, then may we accord to the Americans what they are so conceited as to arrogate.

“The moral rottenness of negro slavery must, however, be first abolished, and the bondage to public opinion replaced by integrity of expression, before the old world, and many many honest citizens among themselves, will yield to America moral joined to physical equality among the *nations of the earth*.”

“I concur,” said Profundus, “in every word my friend has spoken.”

“And *me* also—*me* do agree—’tis all very very true—every one word be very true,” exclaimed M. de Paris.

“True as the hill of Howth, and most honourable, be dad, for a Frinch gentleman to say so bold a truth,” said O’Conamara.

“But I guess that you now calculates we be the only *free universal land of liberty*?” asked Groorooster, somewhat beaten down in his temperament.

“I admit no such thing,” replied Profundus, “and I still entertain the opinion that you have more extensive bondage, even among the so-called free people, than exists in any other country.”

“That’s sa’in, not provin, I guess,” said Major Methusalem.

“I can easily prove whatever I say,” replied Profundus.

“I calculates I dares you to that long chalk,” said Groorooster.

“Very well, sir! let us see,” answered Profundus.

“BONDAGE to *popularity* is the servility to which every person holding office in the United States is enslaved.

“*Bondage to opinion*, especially sectional opinion, is that to which every inhabitant of, or traveller in, the United States is subjected.

“It is,” continued Profundus, “this evil of being from infancy trained to observe that caution of expression, that slow coldness, and gravity of utterance, and monotony or evenness of key, so remarkable in the speech of Americans, that makes so many of the citizens *non-committals*. It produces *cant* at Boston, it creates public arrogance, but no individual frankness on public questions in the south.

“The only freedom of giving utterance to

thought is said to be in the *far west*. This is not true—for if any governor of a western state were to attempt to execute any instructions or advice from the central government, if such instructions were not in accordance with the sectional opinions of the public, and ideal interests of his state, he would not only lose his popularity, and be excluded from re-election, but the *majority* would at once annihilate his power during the remainder of his official term.

“ This forms a rottenness in the power of the United States, which Europeans generally neither understand or estimate.

“ *Bondage to opinion*, in fact, paralyzes the executive authority of the government, which can neither enforce the strict observance of the laws, nor bring the whole power of the union to bear collectively, as a great nation, upon any great question of domestic or foreign policy.

“ The Americans talk ‘ heroics about war,’ but all this bragging is *sectional* not *confederative*, and never will become sufficiently adhesive to prove mighty under the present constitution of the United States.

“ Its most deleterious evils are, however, those affecting private life, in the character of which this bondage to opinion subdues the moral grandeur of thinking, speaking, and acting, upon principle; and creates, instead, the hypocrisy of that cautious utterance, which sacrifices truth, honour, and all the generous effervescences of the heart, rather than assume the moral courage of escaping from this *bondage* to opinion.\*

“ Rather,” observed Playfair, “ than live subjected to this despotism, let me have a lodging with some books in Eddystone Lighthouse.”

The parties now separated in peace. But whether General Genesis Groorooster and Major Methusalem Melt still persist in contending that the Americans are—

“ THE SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION,” we have not for the present time the means to make known.

\* It is only necessary to read the American newspapers to be convinced of the full truth of what is here stated.—EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XX.

## LOW-RANK, MIDDLE-RANK, AND HIGH-RANK.

“L'inégalité des conditions commence à s'y faire sentir.—  
La tendance anti-démocratique du commerce perce au grand  
jour.”—CHEVALIER.

“Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.”—HORACE.

FROM the battery point Playfair, Profundus, De Paris, the Major, and O'Conamara, returned to dinner, which was as hastily gobbled up by four-fifths of the boarders as on all similar occasions; quick despatch being as much the order of the day in eating, as in sending off steam-boats or packet-ships.

It was a dry frosty night out of doors; the four friends retired soon after dinner to Playfair's comfortable sitting-room, which was enlivened by a brightly-burning coal fire, and in which the

party, furnished with cigars, some good Scotch whiskey, sugar, and boiling water, now sat to enjoy the evening by talking over the affairs of the morning, and the strange medley which society in America exhibits to the stranger.

No man understood the lights and shades, and extravagances, as well as the virtues, of American character, better than Dr. Profundus, who was a man of the world as well as a learned man. Born in Germany, carried in his childhood by his parents to the United States, sent back to be educated at Gottingen, left independent in his fortune, he travelled over Europe, mingled with the best society in Germany, in France, and in England. He afterwards visited during several years every part of the American republic, observing the progress of the country, and the social, moral, and physical character of the people.

After some discussion, remarks on the morning scene, and on the blustering of Groorooster and Melt, the gradation of rank in New York became the subject of conversation.

“ I am entirely out of my *reckoning* as to the

latitude and longitude of this region of high rank in New York, in the country of equality and democracy!" exclaimed Playfair.

"Yes, society has here its ranks, its grades, and its pretensions as elsewhere," observed Profundus.

"I have witnessed great extravagance and display; but nothing aristocratic. I mean nothing like that aristocracy which arose under feudalism; but still there appears a strict separation of classes dividing American society," remarked Playfair.

"True! quite true," observed Profundus; "the Irish labourer, who loves to linger earning a far better subsistence after landing in the seaports of America than he ever dreamed of in the

"First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea," for himself, his Sheelah, and his darling *spalpeens*, looks with no little authority over the negro-porter; the *carter* or *truckman* if he be a *white man*, despises both;—the cobbler all three;—the shoemaker and other little handicraft-people, all the foregoing; the fashionable tailors and boot-makers all the latter. Then come the milliners

and fancy shopkeepers, looking with supreme contumely on the grocer, on the spirit dealer, slopseller and such-like. After which come the castes of commission agents, brokers, skippers, custom-house, and shipping clerks, small ship-owners, and small lawyers, all a *smart* fry in their several ways, forming a sort of exalted *smart-middle-cracy*, ‘booming’ over all the others, but who, when engaged in the daily intercourse of dollar-making, are as obsequious, but not half so polite, to all they intend to wheedle, as any silk-merchant’s shopman in New Bond-street or Regent-street, to my Lady Duchess of South, or North, umber-lands.”

“True, I have remarked and been amused at all this,” remarked Playfair.

“The brokers, agents, and speculators of the *middle-cracy*,” continued Profundus, “almost invariably, by the most daring engagements, either make a fortune of from one to two or three thousand dollars, or become bankrupts. There is no alternative between the one and the other, and the chances are about the same as those of a

man who goes to a *Rouge et Noir* table to win a fortune, returning without a frank or shilling.

“Extraordinary !” ejaculated Playfair.

“Yes !” continued Profundus, “bankruptcies are in fact more frequent, than realization of fortunes, among the class of American or rather Yankee (for they are nearly all from the New England States) speculators alluded to.”

“When such failures take place, the Yankee is in no way discouraged. He does not remain dejected, and inactive. No !—he perhaps moves south to the Carolinas and Floridas, to Alabama or Louisiana,—or perhaps to the “regions of the far west.”

“In short to make a determined dollar-hunter, the sharpening of his qualifications by two or three failures appears to be a requisite portion of experimental education,—a proof that his invention and wits have been subjected to the genuine speculative ordeal of ‘a universal smash.’

“Yankees, thus experimentally prepared, spread themselves over every state of the union. In the south they alone seem to maintain the energy which, among the slave-owners, would

otherwise rise but little above the vegetative existence consequent to the sensual indulgences which enervate their bodily and intellectual organization."

"That is one way of progressing," observed Playfair.

"No doubt!" continued Profundus, "in the south the Yankees are the revivers of enterprise, as the preachers in the north are the revivers of Puritanism."

"Is it true," asked Playfair, "that when the Yankees become slave-owners they are the most heartless of masters?"

"It is as notorious," affirmed Profundus, "as that the Scotchman who went forth through the world in order to "*do weel*," with no other stock in trade but a head full of parochial school reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the rules of book-keeping by double entry,—with his mind also well saturated with the Presbyterian doctrines of election and predestination, at the same time with an obstinately-formed *will* to make his own election sure, was (honour to the emancipation, he no longer can be) the most merciless of task-

masters, the most relentless of floggers, whenever he became an overseer or driver of a gang of West India slaves."

"I have witnessed this myself in Jamaica," said Playfair.

"The Yankee speculators," continued Profundus, "whom I have alluded to, although they tread over or rather run *slick through* the instructive ordeal of one or more bankruptcies or total 'smashes,' often make large fortunes afterwards: then it is that they, and their wives, and their daughters, become the most ostentatious, and in regard to display the most extravagant of moving absurdities, and fancy themselves *the smartest aristocrats in all creation*.\*

"Houses fitted up, at least some rooms in them,—with the most costly French tapestry, mirrors, Parisian clocks, and other ornaments, and English furniture, gaudily displayed to look at, and to astonish the wives and daughters of the less fortunate *Manhattans*.

"The daughters cannot appear, even *en désa-*

\* How numerous are their counterparts in England!—  
EDITOR.

*bille*, covered with any thing less costly than the production of some renowned Parisian *modiste*. ‘I hallows my darters *twelve hundred dollars apiece* for *tirelett*,’ you might hear as a common expression, affectedly lisped forth from between the teeth and thin lips of a New York commission agent’s wife, in ‘talking conversation’ with the better half of a cotton or ship broker.

“Have but a peep at their parties, and the exhibition of accomplishments; for the simpering daughters of these ‘York Yankees’ have likewise *finished their education*. Yet I believe it would be as rare to find among them one, who could either vocally or instrumentally display much if any taste, feeling, or mastery, in music, or one who could produce a drawing that did not outrage all the rules of perspective, and all the lights and shades of colouring.”\*

“You have all the severity of your German moralists,” said Playfair.

“It is all true,” continued Profundus. “If the young beauties dance, it is no more than

\* The means of accomplished instruction are however to be found in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.—EDITOR.

angular distortions of the easy graceful forms in which nature moulded them. If they speak, it is affected utterances in squeaking falsetto of fancied *politesse*. Poor things!—how can it happen otherwise? we are all what we are by the accident of our education. The whole burlesque on what I speak of, is only an attempt, or rather that of their parents, to soar far above their natural atmosphere; the latter being, throughout creation, that in which animals come into the world, and in which they are bred up, that is educated, until they attain full growth and strength. This morally applies, as truly to the sphere of habits and manners, as physical circumstances *do* to the laws of natural history.” •

“ I quite agree with you,” said Playfair. “ All that I find really good in myself I trace chiefly to the education I received by imitation and instruction at my mother’s fireside.

“ No doubt,” continued Profundus, “ this absurdity of struggling and believing *to be*, what people *are not*, is one of the greatest follies, and often the greatest source of domestic calamity, in England as well as in America, with the difference

that in the latter misfortunes are easily, as far as attaining comfortable subsistence, overcome."

"The family of the 'Braggs,'" said Playfair, "are widely generated and spread amidst the Anglo-Saxon race, whether in the United Kingdom or the United States."

"True!" nodded Profundus.

"Well! are those your *veritable* American aristocracy? I shall no doubt be asked on returning to England," said Playfair.

"No! they are not!" said Profundus.

"Who then are they?" asked Playfair.

"The aristocracy of America, if there be such," said Profundus, "are the more highly-gifted professional gentlemen, especially those of the bar and bench, and those of the medical, and occasionally of the clerical professions. To these add that *upper stamina*\* of strength, the

\* The general virtual *stamina* of strength is that of labour, especially that of agricultural labour, which in a country of universal suffrage is the influential *stamina* of power; and which, while it continues so extensively agricultural, can never become very dangerous, until the simple credulity of quiet life is infected, as among the habitations of the peasantry in the Lower Canada, by the poisonous designs of demagogues.

taciturn unostentatious, American merchant, the head or partner of the old-established houses, rare men fast passing away; and then add that still higher *stamina* of respectability, the principal or leading gentlemen farmers, and you have then indeed the only aristocracy, honest and true, of the United States.

“Now in New York society, although the rich man is quite as much worshipped, and his wealth also considered as seemingly the gift which makes him a man to be looked up to, as riches are in England, yet the aristocracy I have described are not, either in this or in any other great town in the republic, men who wish you to be introduced to them, or to be pointed out to, as Mr. Timothy Tradeworth, or Mr. Silas Wigson, worth 200,000 dollars.”

The latter will have little material, to work dangerously upon, while the rural population generally have each some property, and the ample means of living comfortably by common industry. Let not the slave population, however, be considered in this view, and if *humane* means be not soon acted upon in regard to them, a terrible collision, as Jefferson predicted, will take place.

The labouring population and handicrafts people of large towns are the materials whom demagogues lead away with success, for agitation, and not for sober utility.—EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE AMERICAN MERCHANT.

“Il y a deux aristocraties, l'aristocratie de naissance et l'aristocratie de capacité; je ne parle pas de l'aristocratie de l'argent, celle-ci n'a pas de chance de s'affermir, et ne possède d'influence que lors qu'elle est avec l'une des deux autres.”—M. CHEVALIER.

“THE legions,” continued Profundus, “of commission agents, brokers, and other eternal speculators and dollar-hunters of the same *caste*, must not be confounded with the great American merchant, the senior partners of long-established firms.

“This is a grave, taciturn man, who seems in an everlasting state of thinking, who is slow and difficult in conversation, and who, generally,

never in his life has troubled his head about politics. He is almost invariably a federalist, and the very idea of a war with England or France is the very last event in the world that he would be reconciled to. He hates the democrats, merely because the latter meddle with the Bank and the currency. In truth, to be a successful politician in the United States requires all the reverse of this. The former is often benevolent, generally in donations to public institutions.

“The American merchant, whether at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Charleston, is a sort of prince who sends his fleets to all parts of the world; round Cape Horn to trade in the South Seas, and then to carry sandal-wood to China, and tea from Canton to Hamburg, with sundry other such compound voyages, which occupy two or three years, and the instructions for which to the captain are drawn up with a discretion, intelligence, and forethought that would immortalize any first lord of the admiralty.

“The great American houses of this description are connected by enormous transactions

with Europe, especially with England: and although the democrats, from the president downwards to the lowest *workie* of an *universal qualifcator*, may be very wordy about war, and persist loudly in the way of ‘salting the cattle,’\* that if England loses Canada, Jonathan will not allow the British flag to wave over Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, or Newfoundland, to overawe the stripes and stars of LIBERTY: yet I am convinced that so disastrous to the trade and navigation of the United States would a war with England be, that not only the great American houses, but all the commercial interests of the republic would from *expediency* join so efficiently in opposition to the government, as either to force a termination of hostilities in a very short period, or break up the Union.

“Of the probability and consequences of such a war, and of circumstances which may threaten a separation between Canada and England, you may yet, I hope, have an opportunity of noticing in the course of your Transatlantic peregrinations.

\* The art of gulling the swinish multitude.

“In regard to England and America, despite the popularity-hunters, the great union of interests is the strong body of security, not sufficiently appreciated or understood by politicians, which has been entered into between the *British and American merchants*.

“You must not, I repeat,” concluded Profundus, “mix up the specimens of American citizens we have been talking of, nor the legions of commission agents, brokers, and other sleepless speculators and dollar-hunters of the same *caste*, with the great American merchant.”

## CHAPTER XXII.

### PROVIDENCE SOLOMONS.

“Heureux pays que le Nouveau-Monde ; où les vices de l’homme sont presque aussi utiles à la société que ses vertus !”  
—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

PLAYFAIR, the Major, O’Conamara, and M. de Paris, being much edified at the description of American character drawn by Profundus, the former said, “There is, I am convinced, something in the history of those two worthies, Solomons and Doubloon Jack, well worth the knowing. Do you know any thing about them ? for I am as curious in respect to the men who flock to and settle, as about those who were born in America.”

“I know enough of both,” answered Profun-

dus, “and their histories are at least as interesting as those we have described; I mean the chief *genuyne* heads of American go-a-headers; leaving out the poor slaves, and the free coloured people, and the wretched aborigines who have hitherto been classed and hunted as if of the family of inferior animals.

“Swindlers from the British colonies,\* the United Kingdom, from France, and occasionally rogues from other parts of Europe. Honest, slow Germans, and lively Irish emigrants,—blunt English,—thrifty Scotch,—and frugal Swiss, annually contribute to multiply the population at an incredibly rapid progress, without their having little other character than that which was peculiar to them in the countries where they were born and reared.

“But among the most notable specimens already mentioned at Liberty Hall, after the ‘Counterfeit Count,’ we will find Providence

\* Among the vilest characters in the United States are those whose evil deeds have driven them from the British Provinces. Canada also is infested by swarms who were too bad to be endured even among the worst of Yankees.

Solomons and his friend Doubloon Jack, who certainly deserves a sketch, as forming a light or shadow of New York, or rather of its most heterogeneous population. Solomons and Jack must, therefore, take the lead.

“ During the last war, at the time when the royal family of Spain were detained in France by Napoleon, I visited the West Indies, and was more than once at Nassau, New Providence.

“ Solomons then dwelt there. He was considered a most successful merchant, and bold speculator. A contraband trade to a great extent was carried forward with Cuba and Spanish America. We were at war with Spain and her colonies, but the trade was profitable to British subjects, and the government of England was not, as in days of yore, foolish enough to give orders to his majesty’s cruisers to arrest the illicit commerce between her colonies and those of Spain.\*

“ The Spanish colonies had then abundance

\* This was one principal grievance of which the Old Colonists justly complained.

of doubloons and dollars, and they wanted British manufactures of all kinds. England had destroyed the Spanish fleets, and prevented Old Spain furnishing as formerly her fabrics, or those of other states, to her American possessions.

“In short the English, and the citizens of the United States made capital profits in the contraband trade with Cuba and the countries south of the Gulf of Mexico.

“The misfortune was, that smuggling could not, nor ever can, be carried on without a disregard for truth and honesty; smugglers very easily pass into the transition of slave traders and pirates. The Caribbean seas and the intricacies of the Bahamas have, almost since the discovery of America, been the choice resorts of those desperadoes.

“All I have since heard and seen of Solomons leaves no doubt that, exclusive of his other lucrative pursuits, he has long been a party to fitting out vessels for both purposes; nor do I suspect the morals of Doubloon Jack to have been a whit more squeamish.

“Solomons’s Liverpool agents, whoever they were, seem also to have been quite alive to his and their own interests.

“One part of their business was to send him out, at stated periods, a fast sailing brigantine, loaded with suitable British manufactures. Both this vessel and cargo, immediately on her arrival, was, with Solomons on board, despatched for the north coast of Cuba. There he landed,—met at accustomed places Spanish purchasers, who agreed with him as to the advances which they would pay on his general invoice, and bringing the amount of dollars and doubloons with them, came alongside his vessel at night, in a sufficient number of large boats to carry ashore the cargo.

“This illicit business was conducted to the mutual advantage of sellers and purchasers for several years. Now that the consequences of the detention in France of the royal house of Spain was a peace between the latter country, including her possessions, and the whole British Empire, Solomons’s commerce was to compete with fair and more honourable traders.

“ Ere this, however, could be known in Cuba, his Liverpool correspondent despatched a swift ship and valuable cargo, immediately on their receiving intelligence of peace with Spain. The vessel had a quick passage to Nassau. Solomons proceeded with her as usual to Cuba,—landed,—produced his invoice,—said nothing of the peace,—and the purchasers came as formerly with their boats alongside at night, bringing their gold and silver with them. On ascending and lodging their treasure on deck, Solomons, instead of delivering them the goods, pinioned them one by one,—then hoisted them overboard back into the boats, swore that he had a right to plunder the enemies of England, and that he would shoot any one of each boat’s crews if they did not instantly pull for the shore. Carrying off with him far more than double the amount that the cargo would have sold for a month afterwards, he sailed for the Gulf of Mexico, and there, before the news of peace arrived, disposed of his merchandise to contraband dealers at an enormous profit.

“ War between England and the United

States succeeded. Here a vast speculative field opened for Solomons's adventurous spirit. Smuggling and privateering were now to be boldly entered upon. He accordingly, a British subject, entered into partnership with some ship-owners at Baltimore; as owner of several *smart schooners*, '*regular clippers*,' which sailed so quickly, '*as not to be caught by a flash of lightning*.' These, with forged registers and papers, were employed during the war, smuggling between the British West Indies and the United States.

"There is, or was some twenty years ago, hung at one of the custom-houses at Jamaica, a large fish-bone with the inscription,—'*THIS IS THE JAW OF THE SHARK WHICH TURNED KING'S EVIDENCE AGAINST JONATHAN*.'

"Jonathan surely mis-guessed his *calculating*, to allow a fish to bear witness against him! But so it happened. About the period I mentioned—the first year of the war, if I remember well,—one of the clippers alluded to was surprised and brought to by one of your sloops of war, near Mahon Bay, Jamaica. She was sub-

jected to search of course, and by her papers, which seemed quite in order, she appeared to be originally an American vessel, taken lately as a privateer on the coast of Nova Scotia, condemned and sold as a prize; and then, registered at Halifax as a British vessel, was fitted out on account of her extraordinary swiftness to run between Halifax and Jamaica: from which by her clearance she was now returning laden with coffee, rum, &c., to the former port. His Majesty's ship accordingly allowed the '*clipper*' to pass. In a few minutes, however, a huge shark, which had been plunging and curvetting round the schooner, was attracted to the sloop-of-war,—no doubt by a tempting piece of fat pork, fastened on a strong barbed hook, trailing from a chain at the stern. The shark darted at, and swallowed flesh and hook together,—was thus caught,—and soon hoisted on deck. Being immediately ripped up,—the readiest way of slaughtering a monster so tenacious of life as this terrible sea-dragon—a sailor roared out—

“ Jack !—Tom !—Bill !—Look out for your letters,—here’s the postman come on board.”

“ In fact a leather case tumbled out of the shark’s maw. It contained the *Clipper’s* real papers,—register, invoices, letters, &c., which the captain, on being surprised by an English armed vessel, threw overboard, and they were immediately gobbled up by the voracious tyrant of the deep. By the papers it was evident that the schooner was a smuggler, sailing not for Halifax, but from a cove in Mahon Bay for Baltimore. It being calm, and the *Clipper* being still quite near the sloop-of-war, the former was fired into, taken, and sent for condemnation back to Jamaica. The letters gave information of another *Clipper* being at Mahon Bay under false colours. His Majesty’s ship proceeded there, took that *Clipper*, and sent her also, with her cargo, to be condemned. In both these vessels Solomons had a concern. As to the success of the privateers, and his consequent share of gain or loss, report spoke variously. When peace came on, these vessels were otherwise employed; one or two

were among the pirates, which committed such horrible atrocities at the Bocus's of the Gulf of Paria, and at some of the intricate passages of the Bahamas.

“Others as wreckers frequented those dangerous coral reefs, stretching from the Caycos and Eastern Bahamas, where it is alleged that when ships were found, as often happens, stranded, with their mariners either on board, or tented, unable to get off, on some near rocky islet, the crews of the wrecker invariably put the former to death, to prevent further inquiry relative to plunder. • It is, indeed, but too true, that the crews of those vessels called wreckers, that is schooners and sloops (the latter often from the Bermudas), who frequent dangerous parts in search of shipwrecks, consist of persons whom the law might well hang as pirates.

“The slave trade, however, from all reports, formed the great object of enterprise, which Solomons and his associates pursued.

“The British Parliament having declared the traffic in slaves illegal, the slavers alluded

to, notwithstanding the expense and vigilance of the English armed vessels, along the African shores, almost invariably carried off their cargoes of human flesh ; about half of which were landed alive in the Brazils, and in the slave states of America. At this moment I have no doubt that a large share of Solomons's wealth is still invested in this abominable commerce. It is even well known that many of the *slavers* which go to Mozambique and other parts of East as well as to West Africa, to supply the markets of Brazil and Cuba with young strong adult slaves, are as much the property of persons residing in the United States as of Spaniards or Portuguese."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## DOUBLOON JACK.

“ Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,  
And these reciprocally those again.”

COWPER'S *Progress of Error*.

“ DOUBLOON JACK,” continued Profundus, “ was, about sixty years ago, born somewhere north of Berwick-upon-Tweed. His real name was John Lochead, or, as he was commonly called at school, Jock Lochead. His parents, decent farmers, were, like most rural families in Scotland, not wanting in that laudable ambition, which makes them content with many a scanty meal in order to give to one of the family an

education for one of the professions,—divinity, drugging, or doing.\*

“ Jack learnt fast, at school: his memory retained every thing except the ‘ Mother’s Catechism,’ and the ‘ Psalms of David:’ a portion of both which is given by all Scottish Dominies on the Saturday to be learnt by rote on the sabbath, in order to prevent that day being kept otherwise than holy. These tasks were to be repeated in a whining tone on the following Saturday, or the delinquent was subjected to the severe indecent corporal punishment of *horsing*.

“ I recollect,” observed Playfair, “ with horror the brutal Goth, my first master; and although I could repeat every line of any ten or twenty verses from Ramsay or Burns, almost after one reading, I never in my life could recollect more than one rhyme of a psalm, nor one passage of the ‘ Westminster Divine’s Confession of Faith,’ nor was I ever

\* Writers or Scotch attorneys, when also land agents, are often called *Doers*. Like Glossin, in “ Guy Mannering,” they often *do*, or at least *did*, landlords out of house and home.

prepared with any answer when subjected to the spiritual cross-questioning of our school.

“In that respect, I fear, I was quite as reprovable as Jack himself. The dread of flogging was, I am quite sure, that which paralyzed my memory, which on every other head was sufficiently retentive.”

“Jock,” continued Profundus, “not being able to get by rote any thing bearing upon holy harmony, or foggy divinity, was so unmercifully *horsed*, that he not only abominated the idea of becoming a minister of the gospel, but it created in him a disrelish throughout life for all who were engaged in sacerdotal functions.

“He was sent to the college at Edinburgh, where he advanced rapidly in all but religious learning. The law appeared the field for him, and being a young man of quick apprehension and capacious head, in short process of time, he became a writer or attorney. This profession has unfortunately in all countries too often the effect, not only of narrowing the natural generosity of the soul, but the business of a writer or attorney, especially, when connected

with the management of land, develops temptations to commit acts of perfidy, too attractive to be resisted by those whose hearts are not strongly fenced in by high moral principles. It would appear the latter was not the case with Jock Locheed.

“ Being very plausible he soon managed to get a fair share of business, particularly in matters of litigation among the farmers of the Lothians. He had acquired in a remarkable degree the gift of speaking fluently, and the art of persuasion, or rather that of cajoling.

“ It was really astonishing how he insinuated himself into the acquaintance of great folks. At that time it was customary for the first lord of the admiralty to visit Edinburgh annually. On one of those occasions Mr. Lochead (we must no longer call him Jock), wormed himself into the minister’s presence, and the latter was really very much taken with the manner and ability of the former. The statesman, no doubt, calculated on some occasion turning up in which Mr. Lochead could be made useful, at a time when Scotland was, in its parliamentary re-

presentation, little else than one great putrid borough, possessed, managed, and fructified, by the Dundases.

“After his intercourse with the statesman, Lohead returned to his little office, but it now seemed too small for him to sit down in. Indeed the idea fastened on his brain, that Edinburgh itself was too confined a theatre for his abilities. In the mean time he wanted money, and he sat down resolved to accumulate sufficient to establish himself in London, not as an attorney, but to enter himself at one of the inns of law, and to become a barrister. At all hazards he determined to fasten himself on the then first lord of the admiralty.

“The devil, considering Lohead a fitting subject, soon put an irresistible temptation in his way. A will, which involved in the *unravelable* meshes of Scottish jurisprudence the property of a wealthy widow, was put secretly into Lohead’s hands. There is a registry office in Edinburgh, in which it is legally necessary to record all deeds and testaments which give title to property. The object was, to have

the will alluded to being recorded with alterations which would change the testator's disposition of the property.

“By skilfully erasing or obliterating, by some chemical process, several words and names and filling up the same with the names and words needful, Lothead managed this, and had the will registered accordingly; he pocketing aforehand, from the worthy rogue who was to benefit by the rascality, two thousand pounds.

“Lothead now considered himself a ‘made man,’ and prepared to leave the capital of Scotland for the metropolis of the empire. But the devil had not yet done with him. One of the witnesses who saw the will signed, happened to be looking over the book in which it was recorded, and read it once from curiosity. His memory had retained a different idea of the way in which the property was left by the testator, and he mentioned this to one of those whom he had considered, but who now appeared not to be, a legatee.

“An inquiry was set on foot. The will was found to have passed for registry through the

hands of Lohead, and he was suspected of the forgery, which it was evident had been committed. But proof was wanting as to who was the guilty person, and, as far as legal proceedings were in question, Lohead escaped. All, however, were convinced that he was *the man* ; those of his own profession shunned him ; his business vanished ; and his good name, at least in Edinburgh, was gone for ever.

“ At this time toryism was omnipotent in Scotland. In whatever regarded politics the judges were the most corrupt of men. The highly-gifted Harry Erskine was expelled from the faculty of advocates, merely for professing to be a whig,—and his splendid speech, defending himself, which would at this day be echoed over half the world, was unheeded by all but a few honest modern ‘ *Marvels*.’

“ I recollect,” observed Playfair, “ that when Muir and Palmer were tried at Edinburgh for treasonable language and proceedings, the former, in his defence before the Judges, said, ‘ Jesus Christ himself, the saviour of mankind, was a reformer.’ ‘ Yes ! and he was hanged

too for it,' replied the Chief Judge in a passion.\*

"In order," continued Profundus, "to secure the First Lord of the Admiralty, or in other words, *the then* proprietor and bestower of all Scotland's patronage, Lohead became upon the occasion of those prosecutions, an instrument more fit for corruption, than which, the devil himself could not have raked up from the whole infernal multitude of toad-eaters, rats, and subservients of misrule.

"Lohead now closed his establishment at Edinburgh, and removed to London.

"His habits were not expensive, and he had, unlike most of his countrymen arriving in the capital, sufficient money to maintain himself if he chose independently, during the time necessary to be admitted at the bar.

"He was entered at Lincoln's Inn with lit-

\* This was Braxfield, not old Lord Hermand, who long after in his dotage quoted Guy Mannering, which he was reading on the bench, while a very important cause relative to the boundary of an estate was pleading. The then law Lords of Scotland, with two or three splendid exceptions, were bigoted dotards, whom no post could dignify.—EDITOR.

the difficulty. At the same time he engaged in writing for the daily press. Stoutly did he defend all that the ministry of the day did. Highly did he extol the Dundases for good deeds which they never committed.

“He had his reward.

“The latter would have brought him into parliament, to *misrepresent* some fortunate Scotch borough, that would have been to *represent* the interests of some three or four *franchised* punch-drinking magistrates, by voting for the minister who would provide in India, or elsewhere, for the sons of those corporation worthies.

“The hour for Lohead to appear in the senate was not, however, yet come. He was a *discreet* man. The minister was *discreet* too. It was better that the former should first, as one so gifted no doubt *would*, acquire celebrity at the bar. The day for admission arrived. The benchers having however been made fully acquainted with Lohead’s history, especially the affair of the will, and his diabolical agency during the trials of Muir and Palmer, resolved that the bar should not be disgraced by his name. All his efforts were ineffectual.

“At that time the great Lord Erskine was astonishing the world by the magic of his eloquence, and the force of his argumentative powers. Mackintosh had pronounced his splendid speech in defence of Peltier. Both knew the character of Lohead and his connexion with the ministerial press ; and it was said that they had so managed that his admission to the English bar should be rendered impossible. Be that as it may, he forsook the attempt.

“The minister, however, did not forsake him. Lohead’s object now was, first to realize a fortune,—then to acquire such distinction in the senate, as would entitle him at least to an under secretaryship of state. At home the minister had then no lucrative office vacant. The yellow fever had, however, created one in Jamaica. I do not recollect whether it was a paymastership, or something as good in the commissariat, or the treasurership of the island ; it was one or the other, I believe the latter : we will take it for granted.

“He repaired by the first Falmouth packet to his post. Here the new treasurer had certainly

no great field open for those abilities and acquirements, which would, had he had a fair character, have secured him proud distinction in England; but a wide dominion opened to him its prolific temptations, in the regions of *Mammon*.

“England was at war with Spain, and Lockheed had, in virtue of his new office, in which monied securities and calculations, and issues, became the chief, indeed the only matters of his care, formed an acquaintance with Providence Solomons, who had then visited Jamaica on some speculative adventure.

“The sagacious perceptions of both soon discovered how very useful the one could be to the other. The current specie of the Spanish colonies consisted of doubloons and dollars. The former were carried to Jamaica in somewhat abundant quantities, in payment for British goods, smuggled into Cuba and Mexico. The commissariat drew bills on England for the pay of troops, &c.; these were either discounted by the treasury or by other purchasers at the current rate of exchange, which depended on the abundance or scarcity of specie.

“Speculating in these exchanges formed a very gainful source of profit to Lohead. His ideas of accumulating wealth, however, far outran not only these profits and the savings from his salary, but the fertile genius which directed him at the beginning of his career to change a *will*, now gave birth to the conception of forging money. Not, however, the coin of his own sovereign.

“An agent from a manufacturing house of plated wares at Birmingham, was then acting for his employers at Kingston.

“Lohead sent for him, and having first taken care, under some bond or other special instrument, to guarantee secrecy, asked him if fictitious doubloons could not be manufactured much in the same way as medals, but with a small quantity of bullion, so as to be only detected by mere *assay*, a scrutiny not often resorted to in the Spanish colonies.

“The *Brummagem* man entered at once into the treasurer’s views, and contracted to have manufactured five thousand such doubloons at the price of fifteen shillings each. The whole

of this false coin arrived in about six months by a packet from Liverpool,—and through the agency of Solomons, who had a large percentage on the transaction, the false Doubloon's were circulated in Spanish America, receiving for each twenty dollars, or about three pounds eight shillings sterling.

“A fresh order was sent to Birmingham, but the right of search, then so rigidly practised by his majesty's ships, proved on many occasions sad means of detecting the most ingenious frauds.

“A scarcity of specie occurred at the same time by an unusual drain upon the Jamaica commissariat. The admiral on the station despatched for Halifax one of his fastest-sailing sloops of war, to bring back money to replenish the exhausted coffers.

“This vessel of war, a few days after sailing, boarded a brig from Liverpool bound to Kingston. The papers were as usual examined. In the manifest of cargo there appeared five boxes of specie consigned to the treasurer. This was the one thing needful required at

Jamaica. The commander of the sloop-of-war considered himself justified in taking the treasure on board and returning at once to Kingston.

“ On arrival the boxes were opened by the customs, when lo ! an invoice and letter to the treasurer appeared within ; the first charging the doubloons at sixteen shillings each—the letter apologising, or accounting, for the extra charge of a shilling as arising from the higher price of bullion.

“ Lohead was at once suspended by the government from his functions as treasurer. It was attempted to try him for forgery. His defence was, that he did not counterfeit the King of England’s coin, that he did not circulate any of the fictitious doubloons in His Majesty’s dominions, that his oath of allegiance was tantamount to rendering it his duty to do his utmost against the enemies of his sovereign,—and that he could not devise any possibly more efficient means of annoying and injuring them, than by debasing their currency and ruining their credit.\*

\* Not long since, a Count Milligan was convicted at Paris of forging and circulating Bank of England notes. His de-

“ He saved his neck, but lost his office, and was besides rendered incapable of ever holding place in His Majesty’s service.

“ From that day forward he became known by the name of DOUBLOON JACK. The usual refuge of scoundrels—a foreign country—was still open to him. He chose the United States, where he actually managed to be admitted to practise as a lawyer. He lost no opportunity of reviling England, and every thing English. He now assumed the republican with as much zeal as he had formerly practised servility to toryism.

“ He continued his connexion with Solomons, and I have no doubt invested money largely, in the same speculative adventures of privateering and piracy, smuggling, and slave-trading. He has neither wife nor children, at least no legitimate offspring. He has, however, led a life balanced between that of a sensualist, and that of a worldly wise man, who despises all moral accountability.

fence was, that he did so in order to retaliate effectively on England for the injury inflicted on France by Mr. Pitt, who Milligan asserted, had deluged the country and destroyed credit, by circulating millions of forged *assignats*.—EDITOR.

“ He continues to reside in one or other of the seaports of the republic, but has for some years ceased to practise at the bar. The last time he appeared was to prosecute, most malevolently, the master of a British ship, on an unfounded charge made by a sailor, who ran off from the vessel, and contrary to all law, sued the captain for the full amount of wages; *Doublon Jack* concluding,—‘ Yes ! I would hazard to defend this hardy tar, even before the sanguinary courts of that sea-girt *Isle of Slavery.*’ ”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE WORKIES.

“We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal;—that they were endowed by their Creator with certain unalterable rights;—that among these are life, liberty, and the *pursuit of happiness*.”—*Declaration of American Independence*.

ON the morning following the evening which Playfair and his friends spent in his snugery, as the major named it, the latter and former, with Profundus, were together at breakfast below in Liberty Hall dining-room, when half-a-dozen or more young lads, clad in uniform, a dress rarely seen in New York, and who had escaped on leave, or otherwise, from the military school at West Point, rushed, as noisily and unceremoniously as students in all countries usually do, into the room, exclaiming, “By the

*'tarnal Mars, wees had a frolic to quilt the Workies. They bees comin down Broadway."*

"Who are the *Workies*?" asked Playfair.

"The *Workies*," answered Profundus, "are an association of the working class, which was formed in this country some years ago, and whose strength was never of much consequence, except perhaps at elections. The principles they hold forth are, that there is too extensive a system of instruction in the United States, that this extensive education produces all the existing evils, by enabling those who know too much to cheat those who know less, and that they (the *Workies*) are instituted in order to *level down all education to the level of the school of the Workies.*"

"By the hill of Howth! 'tis then no wonder at all at all," exclaimed Major O'Conamara, "that the military gentlemen *who've* just come in should be after having a bit of plissant diversion wid them same *Workies*;" and then turning round towards the republican heroes, asked, "You did beat them all entirely, didn't ye? I'll be bail ye ded."

“No, squire, I guess we didn’t, but we calculate we shall!” replied the young squad, *nem. con.*

The procession of some hundreds of levellers, with banners flying, had now approached opposite the windows, and Ulysses, one of the negro servants, said, “De Workies be, I guess, ’*niversal foolish* to tink by *march march* wid de color flyin to Workie Hall, to make speech, and print it in de noospaper, dat it will lebel de college and de Congress—I hab many time been asked to be Workie; me say no no, I guess.”

The procession passed,—little further notice was taken of it,—the military cadets laughed at them,—sat down to breakfast, and gave specimens quaint and formal of West Point smartness. The Workies had their speeches, however, printed in the newspapers, with as much care as Martin Van Buren, Daniel Webster, or Mac Guffy, the duellist, would have attended to, in order “to salt the cattle for the fall markets.” This formality having passed, no more was heard of the *New York Workies* than of the ‘Trades’ Unions in England.

Thus it is with the world, at least under representative governments. Associations of levellers often do mischief but seldom good. The *Chartists* have displaced the Trades' Unions in England. In New York, the so-named, by themselves and the press, "*Loco-foco,—Jackson-Van-Burenite,—whole-hog,—hard-money—Sub-treasury-bill,—hard-fisted democrat party ;*" and their opponents, the *Log Cabinite,—Tippecanoe,—hard-cyder, Harrisonite party*, are now becoming at their meetings, processions, —in their speeches, and in the violence of their respective newspapers, the two great parties which will disturb the peaceful and respectable order of society until it be decided whether Martin Van Buren is to be re-elected, or whether Harrison, or, as the *hard-cyder* drinkers style him, the Hero of Fort Meigs, is to be the next chief magistrate of the "*Land of Liberty.*"

## CHAPTER XXV.

## NEW YORK HOSPITALITY.

“The hospitality of our fathers—the best first—the best always.”

“New York is one of the most hospitable towns, not only in the world, but in the United States, if Charleston and Baltimore be not exceptions,” observed Profundus, after some conversation on the good and bad which abound in that commercial city.

“This,” said Playfair, “with numerous other virtues and generosities, may assuredly cover a far greater multitude of sins than the most puritanical raker-up of peccadilloes can ever register.”

“True! quite true,” replied Profundus; “I have, it is true (but my object has been, and is to make people ashamed of their absurdities), exposed certain glaring manners and ideas since your arrival in the land of Brother Jonathan; and as I wish you also to do on your return to England, I will continue to hold up to the scorn of mankind counterfeit counts and scoundrels of all professions, as well as all the absurdities and atrocities which are the curses of this or of any other nation.

“But at the same time I will never forget the really personal worth, the sincere kindness, and the honest English as well as national feelings, which distinguish the leading families, and they are many, at New York.

“At these houses I have found myself a welcome guest. Their social firesides present much of the characteristic endearments of domestic comfort, and as much happiness as probably can be obtained, under Heaven’s blessing, by the wisest management, and the most virtuous and honest conduct.

“The mothers and daughters of the perma-

nently established families of New York are alike distinguished for virtue and quiet amiable manners. Depravity is only found among the very low and the intriguing political press and lawyers. Female education, among the aristocratic class I have described, has one blemish, a fault equally common in England,—that of straining the mind, and wasting the years of instruction rather in the *learning of accomplishments*, than what would really be useful and ornamental; I mean instead of the instruction which informs, and which the memory would retain, as the elements of practical, elegant, and graceful conversation:

“In this respect there is certainly an absence of easy utterance: especially until you are (and if you are respectably introduced, that will soon be the case) on an intimate understanding with the family.”

These observations were made on the occasion of Playfair and Profundus going to dine and spend the evening at the hospitable house Mr. S——, to whom Mr. R——, of Liverpool, had given Playfair a letter of introduction. Mr.

S—— is a principal partner in one of the old-established mercantile establishments already mentioned. He was brought up in the house in which his father before him was the leading partner, and in the course of business visited England more than once. He was naturally and by habit taciturn, and required to be led into conversation. Yet he never hesitated to give any information that was civilly asked for. “Indeed,” observed Profundus, “I have to acknowledge the same, in gratitude, to every respectable man with whom I have conversed in this country.”

On the present occasion, Playfair and his friend were most kindly received, and Mr. S—— related, with something approaching historic detail, the growth and progress of the commerce between the United States and England, particularly that between New York and Liverpool.

Among other elements of this extraordinary trade, he mentioned, “that his father had some year between 1790 and 1800 shipped eight bags of cotton, the produce of the United States, directed to the then and still respectable house

of R—— Brothers, of Liverpool, and the then collector of the customs of that port seized the said eight bags of cotton, under the presumption of there being no cotton the growth of the said United States. “Behold!” continued Mr. S——, “Behold! what a mighty trade *the cotton* has become since those days. Behold our mighty ships and liners running between the United States and the United Kingdom. *Down Easters* may speechify mighty high about disputed territory and war with England, and *ambitionists* may talk and write about *universal liberty* and *Canadian independence*,—but what would we do without them smart ships and liners?—Where would be our markets for cotton and rice, and tobacco, if there should come to pass a war with England? I recollect last war too well—we soon got mighty tired of it.”

“I guess, sir,” he continued, “if the President and all his democrats were to declare war *agin* England, we would not give them cash to carry it on for six weeks.

“All the *ambitionists*, sir, have scarcely credit for a dollar, and *politicianers* have most over the Union nothing but their *speechifications* to

gain or lose by. They all talk *popularity*, and mighty fine sayings, but 'tis all for '*salting the cattle*,' sir, 'tis all for '*salting the cattle*,' sir."

"Well, sir," observed Playfair, "if a war with England, which God forefend, were actually to take place, what would be the consequences?"

"That would be, sir, prophecy to foretel. *Great evil* and *nullification*, that would be certain. Our trade would be ruinously invaded, and our credit *jepperdised*, 'most as bad as by Old Hickory's *tyrant war* upon the bank. The war with England would, I calculate, settle the boundary question in your favour, if you be a *leetle* more wise than when peace was made in the year *fifteen*, and no good that I can prophesy could come out of war but *Nigger's man-cipation over all the Union*."

So far the conversation before dinner with the usually taciturn but sensible Mr. S——.

Mrs. S—— was a lady of rather the sedate school, the excellent mother of seven children—four sons and three daughters. The latter were brought up under the maternal roof, and edu-

cated under the direction of a governess from England, who, it is pleasing to have the opportunity of saying, to the honour of Mrs. S——, and in admiration of the excellent feelings of her heart, that she considered the latter, not only in the family, but in the presence of all company, exactly upon a similar footing with herself.

“ This,” said Playfair, “ is to me delightful. For often have I observed, especially in the families of the ostentatious rich in England, governesses, who were generally reduced by the mad or rather criminal extravagance of parents, —treated, even in the presence of the very children whose minds they were employed to nourish and form, with less respect than ‘ my lady’s *femme de chambre*,’ or my lady’s poodle.”

“ No !” said Mrs. S——, “ ’tis impossible for me, while I cherish the maternal love which every good mother ought for her children, not to regard, far above any of our fashionable company, the friend, for such I consider her, in whom I have the confidence to entrust the virtue, and the instruction which I know will

involve the happiness and well-being of my daughters, and who at the same time relieve my own mind of much anxiety in regard to them."

Indeed, the daughters of this excellent lady, with their admirable governess, in company with their mother, and looked upon and caressed with proud happiness by the father, was one of the most delightful scenes one could behold.

The sons were also trained up in the way in which they should go by their father. The two eldest had visited England and France, and the only blemish in their manners was a dash of European foppery and fashionable slang, which, as the Atlantic winds had not blown off, they carried back to America. But they were now assigned, each as clerk, to a special department of the counting-house, and a year or two of business routine will rub out every tint of *Rue-Rivoli* or *Regent-street* frivolity.

The company at dinner consisted of the family of Mr. S——, including the amiable governess,—of Dr. M——, a most excellent man, and practical, though learned in Greek,—and

his sister, a delightful and well-bred young lady. They had also visited France and Italy, but they returned only with information and good sense. There were also a merchant from Liverpool, another from Halifax, one from Newfoundland, a New York merchant and his wife, and a planter from the island of Antigua, who admitted that no evil consequences resulted from emancipating the negroes, and that they had done wisely in taking the advice of their good Governor-general, Sir Evan Mac Gregor, in abandoning the apprenticeship, as they now found that hired labour did more than forced work.

The house of Mr. S—— was, in its accommodations and furniture, one of those in which substantial comfort and convenience were studied more than show.

The furniture was solid and rich, but not so gaudy as is frequently the case in the commercial cities of America. Yet silk hangings, turkey carpets, rosewood tables, sofas, bergers, chairs, *or-molu* clocks and ornaments, marble slabs, a grand Broadwood, and large mirrors, were not wanting.

The dining-room, with it, *velvety* crimson paper, and figured merino window-curtains of similar colour, exhibited much the same comfortable-looking aspect as such an apartment does in the house of a great London or Liverpool merchant.

A cheerful coal-fire in a well-burnished grate, a glass, broader than high over the mantelpiece, a stout carpet over the floor, a large appropriate rug in front of the shining steel fender, an oblong massive mahogany table and sideboard, chairs of the same wood, covered with red leather, and handsome bronze lamps, shedding mellow light over the whole, with a few necessary or ornamental *addenda*, completed the furniture.

The dinner was excellent, the wines of the best quality. There was as usual in America a double superabundance, otherwise all was in old English taste.

The turtle-soup, the fish, the huge sirloin of beef, the boiled turkey, the roasted fowls, and canvass-backed ducks,\* were all admirable.

\* This delicious waterfowl is peculiar to America.

Paris could not have furnished better pastry nor half so good a dessert. The pine-apples and oranges, ripened under a Jamaica or Cuba sun ; the richly-flavoured New Town pippins, and Montreal *pomme gris*, and various dried fruits, preserves, and jellies, might all, with the other good things common in this city, well tempt the whole corporation of London across the ocean to dine with the worthy magistracy of New York ; an event which will no doubt frequently occur, after the great steamers with their five hundred horse power engines, now constructing, are made to navigate the Atlantic, even at the expense of making Lord Somebody, who declared the thing impossible, “ swallow,” as he said, “ the boilers.”

The ladies sat for some time after the dessert was served, and then withdrew for the drawing-room. The gentlemen filled a bumper, and toasted them.

Mr. S—— then asked the company to fill another, and then proposed—“ The health of the Virgin Queen of England,” which was drunk with three times three.

Mr. S—— proposed, “The President of the United States,” begging leave, by way of preface, to remark, that in doing so he must state that he did not commit himself by drinking to the honour of Martin Van Buren, who, by meddling with financial business which he could not comprehend, and going the whole-hog with Hickory, drove relentlessly, as he would a gang of “Niggers,” the commercial interests of the Union into a *crisis*, that would be calamitous to the credit and trade of the nation. With this reservation, he had no objection to drink the health of the chief magistrate of the United States, which was done with the honours.

The merchant from Halifax then proposed “the health of Nicholas Biddle, the bold upholder of commercial credit.” This toast was honoured with enthusiastic cheers.

“Negro Emancipation,”—“The land we live in,”—“England and America,—the mother and daughter, long may they live in affectionate harmony, and bound together as they are by language, associations, and interests, may they ever be united for the benefit of mankind!”

were the other toasts given; the latter was proposed by Dr. M——.

In the intervals, the major told some of his queerest stories. The merchant from Halifax, a stout loyalist, indeed almost every man in Nova Scotia (except a few demagogues of lawyers and scribblers) is such, condemned with unsparing eloquence the Canadian agitations,—those from the West Indies lauded the generosity of the British government, not only in the very liberal and opportune compensation made to the parties for emancipating the negroes, but for their mutually advantageous commerce which had arisen from unshackling trade by the British Government.

The Newfoundland merchant said, “the same policy was equally advantageous in supplying the Newfoundland fisheries, although the blunder committed at the peace, by giving the west and northern shores of Newfoundland to France, was not yet remedied. Neither was it wise to have even a representative government to the scattered fishery settlements of Newfoundland, the British constitution in miniature being in practice a great nuisance.”

Mr. A——, of Liverpool, observed “ that General Jackson, instead of withdrawing the deposits from the United States’ Bank, and distributing the surplus revenue among those of the several states where it would repose uselessly, should have allowed it to have been advantageously laid out in public works, especially in railroads and canals.”

“ Now, however, as England and America had abandoned, in *principle*, although only to a very limited degree in practice, the crooked policy of taxing commerce, except for raising the necessary revenue; New York being the great inlet and outlet of America, and Liverpool being, in regard to the western world, the same for England, those cities could not fail to go on prospering, and increasing in population and wealth; and whether ever Liverpool should become, as he, Mr. S——, certainly considered it ought, from its central position, the capital of the three kingdoms,—New York would assuredly become the great all-ruling city of America, that would dictate wholesome influence over the Union, and prevent the advantageous alliance which

now existed between both nations being endangered by all the demagogues east or west of the Atlantic."

On returning to the drawing-room they found an answer to those who formed the dinner-party. Three or four intelligent gentlemen, two of them barristers, and seven or eight young persons, the sons and daughters of neighbours who had come in to spend the evening.

The conversation was more varied than usual. The ladies sang and played simple melodies, Scotch and Irish, Moore and Burns. A quadrille on the carpet, and other amusements passed the evening, much as in a social English family circle where friends and neighbours throw aside the stiff ceremony of formal etiquette.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A SMASH,—AND UNCLE SAM'S HONESTY.

"Many live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock."

"Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt."

"Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as poor Richard says.

PROFUNDUS had so thoroughly, and so freely from bias, studied the social and political condition of the United States, that the information which he communicated, whether as to slavery, moral character, or the political institutions of the country, might well be taken down as truth and wisdom.

Soon after the late calamity in trade, which had caused a majority of the great commercial

houses of New York, and other large cities, to suspend their payments, it was loudly contended that every dishonourable evasion would be taken advantage of by the Americans.

Playfair, anxious as he has proved himself to be, to know the truth, relied upon Profundus, whom the instinct of Playfair's judgment seized upon as the person of all others entitled to his full confidence.

"You were in this country when the late crisis in trade happened?" asked Playfair.

"Yes," said Profundus, "I was at Philadelphia when that calamity broke forth."

"Grave news to-day from New York," said an excellent quaker friend to me on meeting him in Chesnut-street.

"What may that be, my friend," I asked.

"A serious commercial calamity," he replied, "which will afflict us generally, and ruin the speculative and heedless part of the community at New York,—they call it a commercial hurricane, that furnisheth a fat harvest to the lawyers, as that pestilence of the Lord, the cholera, did to the doctors. Shoals of protests, say the

New York correspondents, are pouring in oceans of dollars to the notaries."

"Very superlative language," I observed to my sensible friend.

"Very true, friend," he replied; "commercial hurricane, they of New York denominateth it;—a hurricane, mine friend, dealeth havoc in its way, and it passeth quickly over, and again all is fair, unless it be the actual prostrate. Not so with this commercial crisis, which all discreet men had long foreseen, and which will long undermine confidence between man and man."

"Numerous merchants and speculators, with the hope of accumulating large fortunes in their operations, run in debt beyond their ability to pay.—They will force the banks to suspend the payment of specie, with the double object of relieving themselves from being called on to pay for the present, and finally paying in a depreciated currency. Thus will they throw their losses on other portions of the community, which have no hand in their money-making schemes. Every farmer and mechanic who

hath a dollar note on hand when the banks stop, will be made to pay *ten cents* of the speculator's losses; every one who has a five-dollar note, *fifty cents*; every one who has a ten-dollar note, *one dollar*; and every man who has a hundred-dollar note, *ten dollars*. The bank-note circulation of the country is at least one hundred millions of dollars, so that the speculators, by stopping the banks, will throw on the people their own losses, to the amount of *ten millions of dollars* in that single operation! The depositors in banks will also be made to bear their *ten per cent.* of the speculator's losses.

"Thus there is no calculating where and how the calamity may end."

"Making haste to be rich, and trading without capital,\* have then been," I observed, "the

\* A number of merchants from all parts of the United States assembled soon after the beginning of the crisis. They passed several resolutions, disclaiming all party feelings or motives, which they declared to have been the bane of the country. They agreed that rash speculations in lands, building lots, stocks, and shares, by men of limited resources, the importation of bread stuffs, the great excess of importations over exports, by which large foreign debts had been contracted, and intense *political excitement* had all contributed to plunge the

causes of this commercial ruin; this calamity may produce future benefit; it may purify the trading community and spirit."

"Were that of a surety to follow, we might verily consider the present calamity a blessing; but I doubt this: for no sooner do they of New York, I meaneth the speculators, get into a credit and become possessed of a few thousand dollars, than they get into costly houses, fare sumptuously, dress expensively in French fashions, bring up their daughters in pride and extravagance, spend much time at Rockaway, Long Island, become bankrupts, pay some in full to set them up again, and cheat all their other creditors."

"Such a course of proceeding and living will in all countries," I observed, "end in ruin; but the New Yorkers, attribute the blame to the government, and that the President's war against the bank has produced *the ruin*."\*

country into a state of unparalleled difficulty. Finally, they warned their fellow-countrymen to "leave the delusive mazes of speculation, and return to the practice of industry and economy."

\* A New York paper, attacking the Washington Globe,—the government organ,—says, "The course of the official

“In fact, friend, they speak truth; but the great causes of ruin are those that I have mentioned.”

“A very intelligent English traveller, Mr. Hodsons, writes in one of his letters—‘The frauds and subterfuges in cases of insolvency exceed every thing I could have conceived, and as long as America continues this system, she must not be surprised to find her deficiencies blazoned forth and exaggerated by foreigners, who have probably only known her in her commercial character.’”

“Is there general truth in these charges?” asked Playfair.

“The charge,” replied Profundus, “in regard to subterfuges in cases of insolvency may still

paper of the Administration is becoming so audaciously wicked, that it is proper it should be as generally as possible held up to the scorn and condemnation of honest men of all parties. Will it be believed that only one or two days ago, this same paper called for a suppression of all party feeling under the national calamity that has befallen us? Yet is the ink scarcely dry with which the words were printed, than there appears in its columns, the attempts of a desperado, by foul falsehood to array one class of society against another, for the evident purpose of turning the current of public indignation from those who have caused the evils he points out.”

in many cases be made against Americans in trade,\* but with much limitation to that written twelve or thirteen years ago by the excellent author from whom you quote, and I fear many houses in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, would say that subterfuges on the part of those to whom they give credit in the timber and ship-building business of Canada and New Brunswick, are quite as frequent as in the United States. Yet if resolutions passed at public meetings speak the public voice, the

\* The New York Chamber of Commerce in 1823 made the following declaration in a memorial to Congress, for a general bankrupt law, to provide for an honest distribution of an insolvent's estate :

“ Without a general bankrupt law all the creditors of a merchant who fails, have not an equal chance of receiving a dividend of his estate. When a merchant's affairs become embarrassed in any of our commercial cities (the practice is so uniform that it has become a perfect system), he assigns all his property in the first place to pay his confidential friends, who have lent their names and their money, and thus given him a false credit, which has been the means of imposing on others ; or he has already assigned, as security for usurious loans from some of the harpies which infest all our cities, every thing which he has of any value, and his honest creditors get nothing. The truth of this has been felt, and will be acknowledged by almost every commercial man in the United States.”

Americans must be indeed the most dishonest people on earth. A few days after the general crisis happened a meeting was held of the inhabitants—no ! of the rogues of Philadelphia, when they spoke out and published their confession of dishonesty as followeth :

“ ‘ Whereas a design not only exists, but has been openly avowed by the head of the British party in the United States—namely, by Nicholas Biddle, President of the British Bank, and by the leading organs of the British party, and by all those papers throughout the United States, which are devoted to foreign interests, and supported by foreign funds, and with which our country is so abundantly afflicted—to permit and absolutely to enforce, in this season of public difficulty, the export of American specie to foreign countries, thereby *to bolster up*, with the *treasure and lawful currency* of the United States, *the ruinous fortunes of European monarchies* :

“ ‘ And whereas at the present time, during the semblance of peace, there remains an active

war between the two hemispheres of *monarchical Europe* and *Republican America*, and whereas this war, instead of being carried on openly, as in years past, by *fleets and armies*, is conducted more insidiously and dangerously by means of fraudulent money-transactions :

“ ‘ And whereas the object of this struggle has been, and is, to make this young nation (free as it is of debt and expensive government) to feed, by the tribute of its surplus wealth, the old, decayed, indebted, and insolvent governments of all Europe :

“ ‘ And whereas there exists in this city Nicholas Biddle, and his party, in the active employ of a *foreign enemy*, whose special occupation it is to seize upon every advantage, to augment every difficulty, to create every embarrassment, and to subtract every dollar from circulation :

“ ‘ *Resolved*,—That these United States are indebted to no nation under heaven ; that to the specie, treasure, and lawful current coin

within our borders, no foreign claims do, or can exist; and further that the United States is *the only civilized country on the globe!!*”

A New York journalist remarked on the proceedings at Philadelphia as follows :

“ We cannot forbear to express our astonishment that a large assemblage of people could be brought together in Philadelphia to countenance the expression of such wicked absurdities, and that some of our respectable contemporaries there should have published them. We have here also, it is true, a knot of politicians of the same school, but they chiefly consist of outcasts from the British island—fellows who have figured at trades’ union and radical meetings, the hangers-on in Bow-street, and minor theatres, and they are as contemptible in number, as they are in character; nor would their written effusions ever have found a place in any newspaper in this city of decent standing.”

“ Instead of *dishonesty*,” continued Profundus, “ I believe that *honesty*, in regard to fulfilling

obligations, is the peculiar characteristic of the United States, and that if the rogues from Europe who take refuge in the republic were abstracted, as little knavery would be found to prevail in this country as in the states of Europe.

“Credit is every thing to a man in the United States, and an honest name is essential to credit. It is therefore the interest of an American in trade to be honest, even if he be not such from principle.

“The great body of the people, it must be remembered, are farmers. With few exceptions, they are from principle moral and honest. All the great American houses of long standing, and such of the latter—like that of the unblemished Arthur Tappan—as have been subjected by the crisis to suspension of payment, are honest from highly honourable respect for character and reputation. Nay, even the greater part of the proprietors of slave estates are honest in their pecuniary engagements.

“Swindlers infest New York, New Orleans,

and other commercial towns ; but generally, I do believe, that honourable principles prevail,—and the fact has been so far proved, that the greatest exertions will at all times be made by the American merchants to remit money and export produce to liquidate their obligations to those of England, and that the commercial interests generally will act upon the integrity of the following excellent and most honourable advice, which was given at the time by Mr. Biddle:

“ ‘ In such a state of things,’ said he, ‘ the first consideration is how to escape from it—how to provide, at the earliest practicable moment, to change a condition which should not be tolerated beyond the necessity which commanded it. The old associations, the extensive connexions, the established credit, the large capital of the bank of the United States render it the natural rallying-point of the country for the resumption of specie payments. It seemed wiser, therefore, not to waste its strength in a struggle which might be doubtful, while the

executive persevered in its policy, but to *husband all its resources*, so as to profit by the first favourable moment to take the lead in the early resumption of specie payments. Accordingly the bank of the United States assumes that position. It will co-operate cordially and zealously with the government banks, with all the other banks, and with any other influences which can aid in that object.

“ ‘ In the mean time two great duties devolve on the banks and the country. The first regards foreign nations—the second, our own. *We owe a debt to foreigners by no means large for our resources, but disproportioned to our present means of payment.* We must take care that this late measure shall not seem to be an effort to avoid the payment of our honest debts to them. We have worn, and eaten, and drunk, the produce of their industry—too much of all, perhaps, but that is our fault not theirs. We may take less hereafter, but the country is dishonoured unless we discharge that debt to the

uttermost farthing. The second duty is to ourselves. We should bear constantly in mind, that the step which has been taken is excusable only on the ground of an overruling necessity. We must not make the remedy itself a disease. It is our duty to substitute some effectual restraint, which may enable us to restore the currency, without delay or difficulty, to a safe and wholesome condition. The result of the whole is, that a great disaster has befallen the country. Its existence thus far only a misfortune—its continuance will be a reproach, from which all true men must rally to save her.’ ”

Nothing can be more honourable than these observations and advice ; and although the extensive prevalence exists, not among the agricultural population—not among the old established commercial houses, of *taking advantages* of circumstances to act fraudulently on the part of the adventurers in all the States ; yet Europe must cleanse herself of many impurities which blacken the character of speculators in every

one of her cities, before she condemns America under the charge of dishonesty.

There are also causes which give a colour to iniquity in America which renders fraud less odious in her cities, except in the eyes of foreigners, than in Europe.

Annual elections, and those who come either into power by them, or when there is an election for president, dismissing from the public service all the *employés*, and appointing new ones to *every* post from among those who voted for them, are the most futile causes of dishonesty.

To some extent in the higher offices under the government, a removal from office, or, rather a resigning of place, is the case in England: but such changes do not interfere with any of the judges, except the lord chancellor, nor with the chairman and other officers, down to the lowest clerk, or supervisor, or gauger of the customs or excise, as is the case in the United States.

This indiscriminate system of dismissal and of new appointments is one of the greatest sources of infamy in the United States, and,

after slavery, the most rotten part of the moral or social condition of the country.

Foreigners also complain that they are far more harshly treated by the customhouse than American citizens are, on importing goods into the United States.

For some years the manufacturers of the United States, have opposed the importation of foreign fabrics: the citizens of the United States who have been embarked in importing goods from foreign countries, have also raised up their voices against the importation of goods into the United States from other countries by foreigners. Both the former are very numerous, and have great influence at elections, especially when that of election for president is to take place; and to their political influence as voters, the executive, the judges, the *employés*, high and low, give way. This is declared to be most vexatiously the case at present, as the approaching election for president renders it vital as to the continuance in office of any one now employed in the customs, should Van Buren not be re-elected, as every new president

fills every office by those, or by the nominees of those who secure him in his election,

Under these circumstances, the *employés* of the customs are accused of meeting the wishes and interests of the American manufacturers and importers, by harassing the foreign importer; and even the judges and the juries and lawyers are asserted to be unjust and partial to all who are not United-States Citizens; merely *the continuance in every office depends upon the majority of votes* being for Martin Van Buren.

Independent of mere individual, sectional interests form another cause of intriguing and overreaching: but making a very full allowance for all these moral and political impurities, the population of the United States, generally, and *especially all those born and brought up in America as farmers*, FULFIL THE ENGAGEMENTS INTO WHICH THEY ENTER WITH AS MUCH FIDELITY AS THE INHABITANTS OF EUROPE.

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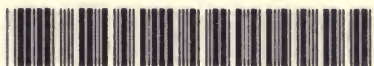
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